

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES



3 3433 08235882 5

LIBRARY

591

of the

Eugenics Record Office

Cold Spring Harbor,

Long Island

This Book was acquired by

Purchase 10 x

from

Bridgman & Lyman

of

Northampton, Mass.

Sept. 18, 1917

Date

INDEXED

R&G

INDEXED

D&G

AN
(Maxwell, S.)



S. C. Farley Maxwell

OUR MOTHER: ^x

A

M E M O R I A L

OF

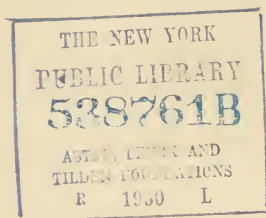
MRS. S. C. FARLEY MAXWELL.

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

WRITTEN FOR THE MASSACHUSETTS SABBATH SCHOOL SOCIETY, AND
APPROVED BY THE COMMITTEE OF PUBLICATION.

B O S T O N :
MASSACHUSETTS SABBATH SCHOOL SOCIETY,
Depository, No. 13 Cornhill.

E18601
MRCS



Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by
M. H. SARGENT, TREASURER,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts,

Stereotyped and Printed by
GEO. C. RAND & AVERY,
3 Cornhill.

P R E F A C E .

THESE unstudied memorials of an unpretending woman were selected and arranged by request of her surviving husband, with special reference to their children. Experiences which, while she was with them, they were not able to comprehend, and counsels which they were too young to appreciate, are detailed in her own words, many of them written before she became a mother. It was the original plan of Mr. Maxwell to print only a few hundred copies for circulation among their friends in this country and in England. The good of the children and the gratification of personal friends having been the only objects in view, the public were left out of sight. The only question in reference to any extract in most cases was, would this be profitable to the children, or interesting to the friends of the departed. But as one and another, who were well acquainted with her, learned that these papers were in a course of preparation for the press, they asked why what was good for her children might not be good for other children also; and why the transparent record of her lovely life and character might

not be of service to others as well as to her friends. Pressed by such questions as these, Mr. Maxwell has consented to give to the Massachusetts Sabbath School Society, memorials which seemed at first too sacred for publicity, hoping that her life and example may reach and influence the children and youth of her native State, and of all those sections of country where the books of this Society are circulated and read.

Mrs. Maxwell, as will be seen, never lacked the praises of her husband. If the result of this little effort to place her in living colors before her children, shall be not only that they rise up and call her blessed, but also that in their hearts and lives, and in the hearts and lives of others, the beauties and excellences of her character shall be reproduced, the desire of the compiler will be answered.

AUGUST 1, 1860.

C O N T E N T S .

CHAPTER I.

PAGE.

Miss Farley's Ancestry, Childhood, and Early Education.....	9
---	---

CHAPTER II.

Conversion, and First Steps in the Divine Life.....	22
---	----

CHAPTER III.

Early Efforts in Teaching — Attendance at the Academy — Public Consecration.....	30
--	----

CHAPTER IV.

Attendance at Miss Grant's School.....	40
--	----

CHAPTER V.

Sojourn at Norridgewock — Reunion with the Ipswich School.....	48
--	----

CHAPTER VI.

- First Great Sorrow—Intercourse of Gentlemen with
Ladies—Submits to a Surgical Operation..... 58

CHAPTER VII.

- Letters to her Brother and to her Cousin..... 76

CHAPTER VIII.

- Journey to the West—Sojourn in Detroit—Return
to Ipswich..... 88

CHAPTER IX.

- Further Labors at Ipswich—Visit to Mt. Hope—
Removal to Alabama..... 119

CHAPTER X.

- Her Life as a Teacher in Tuskaloosa—Longings
for Rest—Journey to Gainesville—Letters to
Friends..... 144

CHAPTER XI.

- Changes in School—Visit to Rosemount—Sickness
in the Family—Removal to Greene County—Her
Marriage..... 177

CHAPTER XII.

- Plans of Life—Birth and Death of her First Child—
Jaunt to Blount Springs—Gift to her Husband... 192

CHAPTER XIII.

- Additions to the Family — Daily Duties — Visit to
New England — Letters written in Apprehension
of Death — Longings for Heavenly Bliss..... 208

CHAPTER XIV.

- Voyage to England — Chester — Carlisle — Visits to
Relatives — Lake District of England..... 221

CHAPTER XV.

- Jaunt to Scotland..... 242

CHAPTER XVI.

- York — Chatsworth — Sheffield — Warwick Castle — Lon-
don — Paris.... 259

CHAPTER XVII.

- Letter to her Children — Loss of Friends — Re-
unions 278

CHAPTER XVIII.

- Her Death — Covenant Engagements — Estimates of
her Character..... 297

MEMOIR.

CHAPTER I.

Miss Farley's Ancestry, Childhood, and Early Education.

SUSAN CHARLOTTE FARLEY, afterwards Mrs. Thomas Maxwell, the subject of the following pages, was born in Ipswich, Mass., Feb. 16, 1809. She was the daughter of Jabez and Susanna Farley. Her ancestors on both sides were distinguished for eminent virtues, especially for patriotism.

Rev. John Wise, the son of Mr. Joseph Wise, of Roxbury, the great-grandfather of Susan's mother, graduated at Harvard College in 1673, more than a century before the war of the Revolution. But he lived in stirring times, and demonstrated that his veins were full of warm revolutionary blood. At the time that Sir Edmund Andros was royal governor of Massachusetts, under the arbitrary James II., and was riding dry-shod over the liberties of the colonists, Mr. Wise was the minister of the second parish in Ipswich, what is now Essex. He was a man of great bodily prowess, indomitable love of

freedom, and sincere, active, and fearless hatred of oppression. When Andros, in defiance of charter rights, undertook to levy a tax of a penny on a pound for the support of his odious administration, Mr. Wise, the young and ardent minister of Ipswich, like many of his clerical brethren, exerted all his influence, both publicly and privately, to prevent the inhabitants from yielding to the unjust demand. At a town meeting held to consider the matter, Aug. 23, 1687, his voice was among the most effective against raising the province tax. The town in its collective capacity decided not to assess or collect the tax. Mr. Wise, as foremost in the opposition, was arrested by order of Gov. Andros, taken to Boston, imprisoned, tried before royal judges, the creatures of James and Andros, and sentenced to a fine of £50, with the costs, and to give bonds in \$1,000 for keeping the peace. Besides this he was suspended from the ministry by the court, but it appears that he made some concession soon after by which he was permitted to resume his parochial duties. At the request of the selectmen of Ipswich he afterwards drew up an account of the manner in which he was treated, and this paper was sent to England to substantiate the charges against Andros for mal-administration. He also prosecuted Mr. Dudley, Chief Justice, for refusing him the privileges of the *habeas*

corpus act, while he was imprisoned previous to his trial. He lived till 1725, continuing pastor of the church, and fighting valiantly for the good, the true, and the right, to the last day of his life. His mind was of the first rank. His composition was rich in thought, purity, learning, and piety. His oratory was eloquent.

Rev. John Wise left, at his death, four sons; Henry, the great-grandfather of Mrs. Maxwell, graduated at Harvard College in 1717, was, for a time, a merchant in Boston, but, in 1726, was appointed master of the grammar school in Ipswich, and moved thither, where he died in 1732. His daughter Susanna married Major Joseph Swasey. Major Swasey was a meritorious officer in the revolutionary army, was representative of the town of Ipswich in general court from 1800 to 1807, and enjoyed, in an eminent degree, the confidence of his townsmen.

Susanna Swasey became the second wife of Mr. Jabez Farley, and Susan Charlotte Farley, the eleventh child of this marriage, was born Feb. 16, 1809.

On the Farley side, Mrs. Maxwell belonged also to our American nobility. Both her father and grandfather served in the cause of their country's freedom. Michael Farley, her grandfather, was brigadier general in the militia when the revolutionary war commenced. He served in the continental establishment

at Cambridge, at Charlestown, and at Newport. He was in the battle of Bunker Hill. He was very active in complying with levies of government for men, provisions, and clothing. His wife, Elizabeth Choate, of the Chebacco parish, now Essex, sympathized with him in the love of freedom, and coöperated with him in his efforts for independence. They sent three sons to the army. When one of these, a lad of sixteen years, was leaving home to join the army, his mother, after helping him put on his equipments, patted him on the shoulder and charged him, saying, "Behave like a man."

The military stores of the town were kept in Gen. Farley's garret. Once during the struggle for independence, when a regiment were to be supplied with ammunition, Mrs. Farley filled every soldier's powder-horn with her own hands. Some of her children, who remembered the event, said that her face and hands were so black, before the last flask was full, that they could not have told her from a negro.

Gen. Farley was a remarkably hospitable man. He kept open doors, not only for his numerous friends, but for strangers. When Lafayette came to this country, to offer his services in our revolutionary contest, General Farley treated him with distinguished attention. Wigs were then the fashion of the day, and in taking off his hat to salute the

noble Frenchman, the general took off also his wig. After his return to France the Marquis told Marie Antoinette, in reply to her inquiry whether the Americans were a civilized and a polite people, that some of them were so polite that they bowed not only with their hats off, but with their wigs off, too. When, as the nation's guest, he revisited this country in 1824, he alluded to the circumstance, and inquired for Gen. Farley; but the old patriot had been gathered to his fathers for more than a third of a century.

Both the grandfathers of Mrs. Maxwell, Gen. Farley and Major Swasey, are still remembered by the elderly people of Ipswich, as men of commanding personal appearance, great activity, and extraordinary business capacity.

Jabez Farley, Susan's father, was one of the three sons whom his mother fitted off for the army. He was then about twenty years old. He belonged to a company of minute-men, who were ordered to Charlestown at the battle of Bunker Hill. He served at first as an adjutant in the regiment of Col. Nathaniel Wade, of Ipswich, and was subsequently a lieutenant in the army. In his old age he enjoyed a pension from government for services rendered in that war, which was continued to his widow after his death. He lived to the age of eighty-one,

and to the close of his life held the interests of his country dear to his heart, and enjoyed the respect and esteem of his fellow-citizens.

Descended from such men and women, it is not strange that Miss Farley was a most enthusiastic and patriotic woman, intensely interested in everything pertaining to her country's early history. Few ladies, probably, knew so minutely the history of this country as she did. Wherever she went she looked after the places invested with historic associations, and her fancy clothed the past with beauty and life.

Miss Farley gave early indications of a superior understanding and a retentive memory, and used diligently every opportunity within her reach for mental culture. She began to lay up knowledge early, and continued to collect and store it away all her days. Her love of truth of all kinds was most intense. In her youth, how often did she dwell on heaven, as the land where no mists of ignorance could brood, as the home where the soul could grow in ability and knowledge without ceasing and without end.

It appears that from early life, without much special and direct personal instruction, she had a deep sense of unseen things. Her impressions of the great God were full of awe and solemnity, and

her mind began very young to look beyond the scenes of this short life. Her moral sense was quick and acute. Her power of abstraction, and her habit of reading and committing to memory portions of the word of God, in prose and verse, helped this sense of right and wrong, and aided her in her conceptions of invisible realities.

The following memoranda, found in her own handwriting, appear to have been written when she was between sixteen and seventeen years of age.

“I recollect having from childhood religious impressions. A sense of the truth, that these visible objects must pass away, would come over me, and sadden for a season my passing enjoyment. When some one in my hearing observed that the day of judgment and the end of the world might come before many years, I was deeply affected by the remark.

“I always repeated my prayers at night, as I had been taught, and on the Sabbath I felt condemned if I did not also repeat a chapter in the Bible. I was accustomed, too, on that day, to read and sing, in my fashion, the hymns of Watts.

“I distinctly recall the first time that I ever prayed in my own words. After my sister, my cousin, and I, had read to our grandmother Swasey, who was at the time a member of our family, a chapter or two in the Bible, she said to us, ‘You

must pray to God to give you an understanding heart.' After I lay down that night I repeated, with great effort and much agitation, the words of this short prayer.

"Some years after I received this instruction from my grandmother, I was impressed with the duty of kneeling down and praying to God by myself. The first time I attempted to do so was in a closet, one summer afternoon, just as I had come in from walking. I felt after it that I had done a great thing.

"No one spoke to me, in those early days, of loving and trusting the Saviour. If some kind and affectionate Christian had done so, I think I should have been easily impressed, and, perhaps, early converted. As it was, other thoughts and engagements crowded these out of my mind, and I went on for years in a course of comparative indifference."

The summer of 1823 Miss Farley spent in Cambridge, in the family of her mother's sister, Mrs. McKean, the widow of the Rev. R. Joseph McKean, Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory in the University. Her advantages for culture there were superior to any she had before enjoyed. She became strongly attached to her aunt and her cousins, and endeared herself much to them. With Charlotte, who was near her own age, she formed an intimacy of the

closest kind, a friendship like that between David and Jonathan, which suffered no abatement during her remaining years. Writing subsequently, she says: "At Cambridge my dormant intellect was awakened, and from this time I was permanently elevated much above my former level. Prayers, with portions of the Scriptures, were read in this family every morning, and they had, I think, an abiding influence in leading me to serious thought. On returning home, I brought with me Taylor's 'Holy Living and Dying.'"

Before going to Cambridge Miss Farley had attended only the most ordinary schools, where needlework had been the chief employment. Her reading had been pursued quite extensively, but entirely without advice. She had exhausted the "Social Library" of Ipswich, and had perused the readable books of Nathaniel Lord, Esq., a gentleman who had a larger miscellaneous library at that time, probably, than any other person in the place. His two daughters were her intimate friends, and sympathized with her in her love of literature. The younger daughter, who alone survives Mrs. M., well remembers her weekly visits to their house for an exchange of books, when she was ten or twelve years of age, and the cordial greeting she used to receive from Mr. Lord.

After Miss Farley came to years of discretion she looked back upon her early reading as an injury to her mind and heart. In 1831 she wrote: "The sins of my childhood and early youth were idleness, vain imaginations, and pride, to an awful degree. The habit of reading improper books, and of reading in improper quantities, was fuel to the first two. Oh! let me avoid the touch of impure books as I would poison, and do all I can to keep others from forming habits of reading which are destructive to true mental power. May I watch against pride, and seek to save young persons from its power."

Miss Farley was ever a severe judge of herself. Her most intimate friends do not recollect to have heard an indelicate word from her lips. The reading she so unequivocally condemns was, doubtless, the novels then in vogue. As to pride, she naturally had a good share of it, but we think she seldom so exhibited it as to occasion any remark, and, along with it, she certainly carried a strong contempt of all sin in herself, and a humility as striking as it was lovely.

Her teacher in Cambridge, Miss Dana, afterwards Mrs. George Ripley, considered her pupil far superior in power of thought to other girls of her age. Her scholars were required, at stated times, to carry to her written compositions, which she was

accustomed, after reading and marking, silently to hand back to them. She distinguished one of Mrs. Farley's juvenile efforts by reading it aloud to the assembled school. We give the composition thus honored. It must be borne in mind that it was the production of a child of fourteen years, whose opportunities at school had been limited to acquiring the merest elements of an English education. Read in this light it shows that she was a child of thought and decided character. Some of the sentiments she was the first, at a riper age, as we have just seen, to condemn.

PRIDE AND VANITY.

Pride is that within which leads us to value ourselves above others. Vanity would fain enjoy the admiration and esteem of others. They are both the very essence of selfishness, showing itself in different ways. Pride may be brought low, but vanity, beginning with the earliest consciousness, can hardly be exterminated but with life. Pride can hardly exist without the consciousness of something noble and good to uphold its over-estimate, which, while it does not detract from its criminality, gives it, in some sort, an excuse. That something thus valued may be,—nay, almost always is,—magnified, yet who in his senses would not prefer it to that mean, cringing, grovelling vice, *vanity*? This, per-

vading the source of all good feelings, right intentions, and virtuous principles, contaminates wherever it touches, and holds on till the last ebb of life. Yet, it is not always as disgusting as pride, and, by some, it may be considered an amiable weakness. To me, pride, though disgusting enough, is far more tolerable than vanity, as it always supposes some good qualities, real or supposed, which, as I said before, in some sort excuse it.

Perhaps females are more addicted to vanity than the other sex, who, from their active pursuits, have less time to think of what engrosses the whole soul of many women,—the adornment of their persons. I hope the time will come when women, from ceasing to be valued on that account, shall cease to value it, and dress with the simplicity of the first ages. Deep, indeed, was that crime of Eve which entailed on her posterity the vanity of dress and show.

Perhaps this evil is not entirely irremediable. Women, possessing strong as well as good minds, can hardly descend to vanity, and those who have weak minds, though well disposed, become its prey only because they neglect to apply to it the great panacea of vice, religion. Pride may be a kind of contrary to vanity, and a small portion of the former may be made use of in expelling the latter from our souls. Certainly that sense of decency, sometimes

called laudable pride, is nearly as necessary to us as virtue.

This composition, as has been said, was a child's production, and is given, not for its intrinsic value, but to illustrate her mental power and development. After she had studied the Bible more carefully, and learned to apply its principles and precepts to subjects of thought and matters of practice, she was careful to name, what she here calls laudable pride, decent self-respect.

CHAPTER II.

Conversion, and First Steps in the Divine Life.

MISS FARLEY returned to Ipswich in the fall of 1823. "From that time," she writes, "God was pleased to give me gradually views of his holiness, of my sinfulness, and of the sufficiency of Christ." Her pastor, Rev. David T. Kimball, lent her Doddridge's "Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul," and recommended to her to read it with earnest prayer and close self-application. She always considered it as the means which the Holy Spirit employed to lead her to embrace Christ and begin a new life. Among the memoranda from which the previous extracts were taken, speaking of this excellent book, she writes, "It seemed new; every sentence was full of meaning. As I read, I became convinced of my sins and my duty, and I began to set apart some time, morning and evening, for meditation and prayer. I used Doddridge's questions for self-examination, adopted the plan for secret devotion which he recommends, and used his and Jeremy Taylor's written prayers. I did not experience pungent convictions of sin, such as I desired, but one duty

after another was made plain to me, and, with the knowledge, came also the desire and the disposition to perform it."

The many ladies still living whose addresses to the throne of grace have been led by Miss Farley, will remember, with singular distinctness, the combined humility, dignity, propriety, and richness of her prayers. She confided to one of her friends that, as a help in her secret devotions, she used for several years the admirable forms of Doddridge and J. Taylor, and that she could pray with more fervency and enjoyment in the petitions of these holy men than in her own, although, of course, she made many additional supplications in the language which her daily and individual wants prompted. Perhaps her rare gifts in prayer were partly the result of this self-training.

Below we give two of the questions which Miss Farley employed in calling herself to account daily as to her relations with her Maker.

"Have I seen the hand of God in my mercies, health, cheerfulness, food, clothing, books, preservation in journeys, success of business, conversation, and kindness of friends?

"Have I seen it in afflictions, and particularly in little things, which had a tendency to vex and disquiet me?"

During the Spring and Summer of 1824, her deep interest in religion continued and increased. As the fruit of it, we find among her papers, under date of June 22, 1824, the following solemn surrender of herself, for time and eternity, to the God whose she was by creation, redemption, and adoption.

Being this day fifteen years, four months, and six days old, I do, after full consideration and serious deliberation, and after earnest prayer for the assistance of divine grace, resolve to surrender and devote my youth, my strength, my soul, with all that I have and all that I am, to the service of the great and good God who has preserved me all my life until the present time, and who, in infinite compassion, has given me to see the folly of my ways, and by faith to lay hold on a dear Redeemer, and obtain peace to my soul through his precious blood.

SUSAN CHARLOTTE FARLEY.

Then follows immediately, *signed and sealed*, in the words of Doddridge, chapter 17, "A self-dedication and solemn covenant with God."

We give the two closing paragraphs of that covenant, which, as will be seen in the sequel, were most remarkably fulfilled in her subsequent experience and history.

Dispose my affairs, O God, in a manner which may be subservient to thy glory and my own truest happiness; and when I have done and borne thy will upon earth, call me from hence at what time and in what manner thou pleasest; only grant that, in my dying moments, and in the near prospect of eternity, I may remember these my engagements to thee, and may employ my latest breath in thy service. And do thou, Lord, when thou seest the agonies of dissolving nature upon me, remember this covenant, too, even though I should then be incapable of recollecting it. Look down, O my heavenly Father! with a pitying eye, upon thy languishing, thy dying child; place thine everlasting arms underneath me for my support; put strength and confidence into my departing spirit, and receive it to the embraces of thine everlasting love. Welcome it to the abodes of them that sleep in Jesus, to wait with them that glorious day, when the last of thy promises to thy covenant people shall be fulfilled in their triumphant resurrection, and in that abundant entrance which shall be administered to them in that everlasting kingdom, of which thou hast assured them by THY COVENANT, and in the hope of which I now lay hold of it, desiring to live and to die, as with mine hand on that hope.

And when I am thus numbered among the dead,

and all the interests of mortality are over with me forever, if this solemn memorial should chance to fall into the hands of my surviving friends, may it be the means of making serious impressions on their minds. May they read it, not only as my language, but as their own; and learn to fear the Lord my God, and with me to put their trust under the shadow of his wing, for time and for eternity. And may they also learn to adore with me that grace which inclines our hearts to enter into the covenant, and condescends to admit us when so inclined; ascribing, with me, and with all the nations of the redeemed, to the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, that glory, honor, and praise, which is so justly due to each divine person, for the part he bears in this illustrious work. Amen.

SUSAN CHARLOTTE FARLEY.

Ipswich, June 22, 1824.

(*Seal.*)

Having no personal Christian communion with any one who knew by experience the power of an endless life, and the exercises of a soul which has received the Holy Spirit, Miss Farley communed with her journal; thus, as it were, talking with herself, for solace. She lost much comfort in not having the sympathy of open fellowship with renewed

minds and hearts, but her solitary experience, unalloyed with human sympathy, set her at once and forever above all doubt of the true work of the Holy Spirit. Any argument presented to her against the sinfulness of her nature, and the work of the Spirit in calling and renewing the soul of man and establishing a settled friendship between God and the soul, would have been as impotent as an argument to prove that she was without memory or imagination. She knew and had tasted the powers of the world to come. Covenanting with God had been to her as real a transaction as engaging to take a school, or any other business arrangement. She had thus covenanted, moved only by herself and the Spirit of God. She had solemnly and sincerely chosen the Lord for her portion, not because she was urged by Christian entreaty, but because she was pressed by her own deep wants. God was in all her thoughts. She knew that the assurance she felt, that the Lord accepted her, was what she could not make spring up within herself. In the remaining years of the half century that she lived on earth she was, probably, never heard, under any circumstances, to express any doubt, for an instant, of the great doctrines which she had been taught by the Spirit himself. Her fellowship was with the Father and with the Son. In all this work her reason and her conscience

went together. After the string of her tongue was loosed, and she learned that it was her privilege to join the Spirit and the Bride in inviting lost sinners to the great fountain of life, she once asked a young friend if she had accepted Christ as a Saviour from her sins. On her replying in the negative, she simply remarked, earnestly, but calmly and intelligently, "I want you to act in this great matter as you think a rational creature ought to act." The remark was never forgotten by her young friend, but proved a link in the chain which drew her to the Saviour, and led her to consecrate herself to God's service here and hereafter. The remark was effective because it embodied the life of the speaker herself.

Miss Farley subsequently lamented her want of Christian acquaintances, and blamed herself for her seclusion from Christian social intercourse. In 1831, after alluding to the sweet peace and submission which she enjoyed in the winter of 1824-25, she writes: "Alas, my Christian course was hardly begun before I set up an idol in my heart, and became full of the world and distant from God. He afflicted me in spiritual and temporal things. I wandered farther and farther from him. Had I, when first I knew the Lord, sought and found one spiritually-minded Christian friend, I might have

been saved years of this wretched, backslidden state. Of such a friend I was destitute, until my heart, through the deceitfulness of sin, had become again hardened."

3*

CHAPTER III.

Early Efforts in Teaching — Attendance at the Academy — Public Consecration.

IN the fall of 1824 Miss Farley took a small school, and continued it through the winter ; thus her first experience in teaching commenced before she was sixteen. Her mind was not of the order which can easily adapt itself to the perceptions and difficulties of young children. In this respect, as in many others, she was not unlike Charlotte Brontë. Neither of them knew, by a checkered experience, the joys and sorrows of an ordinary childhood. Miss Farley, in all her practice as a teacher, succeeded far better with minds of a high order and a good degree of maturity than with children, and in a situation where her regular business was instruction, rather than in one where the care of governing a school, the planning of details, and the securing of patronage depended on her efforts. She wore her self-diffidence as an habitual garment, and could never be brought to value, much less to praise, her own wares.

Of this fall and winter she records : —

Light seemed to increase in my mind. I look back upon the winter of 1824-5 as the season of the sweetest peace and most heavenly communion with God I have ever known. I had made a written covenant to be God's, after the form of Doddridge, with solemn self-dedication. Though I had found little enjoyment in the world, yet afflictions did not seem to be the means to drive me to religion, but I was sweetly and insensibly drawn to God, and seemed, from hour to hour, to have no will but his. When I lay down at night, or awaked in the early morning, his presence seemed to fill my soul, giving peace, pardon, and perfect joy. The Scriptures seemed to be a revelation expressly for me. The sermons I heard were full of meaning. My heart was filled with love to Christians, but, alas! I knew none intimately, and communicated my feelings to no one. The impression on my mind was that I had all my life been in the dark, but now saw, by the clear light of day, things as they are. I was very ignorant of divine things, and had been all my life unaccustomed to voluntary self-denial, but I now rejoiced in denying myself for Christ's sake, and in suffering rebuke meekly. I was much engaged in meditation and prayer. I now see that I depended too much on these duties for acceptance with God, but still,

with the chaff, was there not, O God, a grain of the true seed, a spark of vital fire?

The summer of 1825 and the winter following, Miss Farley taught in Ipswich again, to the acceptance of the children and their parents, if not to the satisfaction of herself. Of her inward life she says: "The world began to press back, and strong temptations drew my feet aside from a close walk with God."

In 1826 the Ipswich Academy was opened. Rev. Hervey Wilbur was the first teacher. The summer of 1826 Miss Farley attended his school. He was an enthusiastic man, but without the least tact for preserving order in a schoolroom. All his scholars testify that he was a grand teacher for any who really wanted to learn. Miss Farley was one of the very few of that circle of forty, gay, lively, and interesting girls, who desired strongly enough to learn, to do so in spite of disorder and abundance of idleness and play. She laid up knowledge like silver, and stored away wisdom as gold. She showed her singular freedom from any propensity to go astray, merely because everybody else did. As she sought religion alone, and went to her minister's study for counsel unaccompanied by a single mate, so now she studied

when nearly every one else made it her business to play.

Of this period she says: "There was now a marked declension in religious enjoyment and practice." About that time she wrote on a blank leaf of her testament the following:—

My soul is sad with weeping: wherefore should mine eyes behold the light? No pleasure is there for me on earth, neither can I do good to any that live. Oh that I might be as they that are mourned; they are loved because death has covered up their faults. Out of the dust of the grave spring flowers, but the unhappy, while they live, are as weeds in the sight of those around them. Would that mine ears heard not these reproaches, and my soul felt not the scorn of men.

In reference to this record she writes, long after:

I thank God that I have since seen better days. Trying circumstances gave to my mind in youth a dark tinge of melancholy. My mind was wrapt in itself, in its own visions, imaginings, and griefs. I felt as if I possessed no right on earth, and was utterly incapable of being useful to others. The remembrance of these sufferings should lead me to watch over children, to be kind to them, to try and

win their confidence, to encourage them to open their little hearts, and to show them how they can do good,—that the least one of them has his lot appointed by a Father, wiser and more tender than any earthly friend, and that the meanest one can do something to promote the happiness of his fellow beings. How much one kind, judicious, sympathizing friend would have been worth to me in the days of my childhood and early youth! How much sorrow I might have been saved, and how much more useful my whole life might have been rendered!

The following little effusion, written before she was eighteen years of age, shows that Mrs. M. might have become a writer, had she been encouraged in that line of usefulness.

Oh! days that ne'er from memory's hall depart,
But shed thy golden gleams on after life,
Even as the sun, retiring at the West,
Leaves purple, and the rosy blush of eve
O'er all the landscape, otherwise so dim:
Days when my heart was light as is the fawn's,
When childhood's light was once again restored,
With all its sweetness and a soberer pleasure,
When "passions wild and follies vain" could not
Find resting-place, so steadily the hours
Did bring employment, as they winged their flight;

This is to thank thee, Summer, lately past,
For hopes new raised, on surer bases built,
For knowledge gained, for sorrows well passed through,
For heart more settled, and a faith more strong.
So I would hope, and I would turn to thee
And taste again the sweetness of thy hours,
Though mixed with many bitter as they passed.
Thou art to me, — thou, and another time,
As verdant isles amid the ocean's waste,
And mariners rejoice to bless their sight,
And call them jewels of the lonely deep.

December 1, 1826.

April 29, 1827, Miss Farley writes:—

The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad. They that sow in tears shall reap in joy. He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him. (Psalms cxxvi.)

I know, O Lord! that whatsoever thou doest in the whole earth is right. Thou buildest up and thou castest down, and thou knowest the desires of all. Teach me to reflect more deeply upon thy providence. Make me to know that thou lookest on the hearts of all thy creatures, and knowest what is good for every one of us. Thou givest what thou pleasest, and what thou wilt thou withholdest. It is

good, O God! that thy pleasure be done in all things. It is good that thou consultest not any of thy sinful creatures. We know that thine eye surveys at a glance the affairs of the universe, and overlooks not the meanest of thy creatures. But my heart is not sufficiently contented, my thoughts wander, with earnest desire, to the goods of earth, not considering that thou givest me all that is best for me.

All good and glorious God! bow my mind, my heart, my will, to an entire dependence on thee, to an entire contentment with what thou allottest, to a never-failing patience to bear and do all that thy righteous providence hath appointed for me on earth. Grant that all the duties that fall to my lot thy Spirit may help me to perform. When all is accomplished on earth, may thy Spirit be with me in the dark valley. Grant that then and there thine arms may be under my head. May angels meet me on the way, and lead forth my soul rejoicing. I desire that every wish of my heart may be resigned to thy gracious will.

At the time in which Miss Farley penned the foregoing, she was suffering for the want of employment. Her father had been rendered prematurely old by a paralytic shock. His property was insufficient to furnish an income adequate to the comfortable sup-

port of his large family. There were three sisters at the family mansion older, and two brothers younger, than herself. She felt a consciousness that, in the right niche, she could support herself, and, possibly, do something for the rest. No such niche presented itself, and she was a stranger to the arts for seeking and finding employment. In this strait it was the burden of her life to justify the ways of God with her. She thus alludes to the distress she endured, in a letter to her brother Thomas, written more than six years afterwards.

I can truly sympathize with you, my dear brother, in the trial of being out of business. The want of something to do is one of the most wearing of wants. Six or seven years ago I knew the anguish of feeling that I ought to do something for my own support, without a prospect of anything to do, and without a single friend to help me, as I hope I never shall again. So I have a fellow-feeling with you in this trial. Having tasted the cup myself, I know that it is bitter. Though I cannot help you in any substantial way, you have a sister's deep sympathy, her constant affection, and her most earnest prayers for your temporal prosperity as well as for your eternal happiness. Sympathy, my brother, is worth something. Affliction, too, has its uses. It is

one of the means which has led me to seek that peace in God which I could never find on earth. The world did pierce my soul as with barbed arrows, but I trust I have secured a heavenly friend who will give comfort, even though the billows go over my soul.

The Christian name of Miss Farley's father was Jabez. In November, 1827, she made an entry in her journal of the following passage of holy writ.

And Jabez called on the God of Israel, saying, Oh that thou wouldst bless me indeed, and enlarge my coast, and that thine hand might be with me, and that thou wouldst keep me from evil, that it may not grieve me! And God granted him that which he requested.

She then goes on:—

O Almighty God! I have faith that *my* prayer this evening has been heard of thee. Help me, Almighty Father, by thine upholding grace, to fight against my sins, particularly against that sin which doth most easily beset me, *idleness*, which, like Aaron's rod, includes and swallows up all the rest. May I endeavor, by the grace of God, (thy grace is sufficient for me,) to do away with the habit of late rising, and establish that of early rising. May I be

enabled to put far away procrastination. May I remember to do but one thing at a time, and continually to refer all my thoughts, words, and deeds, unto God the glorious Judge. Amen.

Who that knew the patient and quiet manner in which, for the last thirty years of her life, the writer of the above prayer stood in her lot, busy, from minute to minute, with the work God gave her for that minute, seeking from hour to hour the approbation of God, and comparatively unmindful of what her fellow-creatures would say or think, can doubt that God did indeed record this "written prayer" in his book also, and give her, as she needed, grace and strength for every duty?

On January 27, 1828, the covenant which Miss Farley had made in the secret chamber of her soul and in the solitude of her own room, was confirmed in the house of God, and her name became enrolled among those of the followers of the Lamb. Her sister Amy, next but one older than herself, afterwards Mrs. Wardwell, united with the church at the same time, and the twain walked henceforward in the love of their common Lord. Mrs. Wardwell passed away from mortal sight some five years before her younger sister.

CHAPTER IV.

Attendance at Miss Grant's School.

IN the spring of 1828 a noiseless event altered Miss Farley's whole life, modified her character, and changed her prospects. This event was the removal of Miss Grant's school from Derry, N. H., to Ipswich, Mass. It immediately affected Miss Farley in two ways. First, it brought into the village a hundred young ladies from abroad, and the trustees of the seminary, who assumed the care of providing suitable boarding-places for them, at once sought rooms for eight or ten in the spacious mansion of Jabez Farley, Esq. Mrs. Farley readily consented to open her house to them. This gave the family a reliable income, which relieved them from pecuniary anxiety, and was their dependence, in part, until the tardy government granted to Mr. Farley the pension his services, as lieutenant in the army some fifty years before, merited. But by far the most important consequence to our young friend was, that it gave her the means of extending her education, of developing her piety, and eventually furnished her with exactly

the employment for which her character, tastes, and talents were adapted. Susan, with Tace Ann, the beloved sister, twin to her heart and next older than herself, were enrolled among the first members of Miss Grant's school. Without extensive, definite school-training, Miss Susan at once showed to both her teachers and fellow pupils, her superior powers of mind and stores of information. Miss Grant had been the first in this country to introduce the fashion of raising the hand as a token of reply to a question in a recitation. She was eminent, also, in introducing into school many general literary exercises, not the drill of any particular text-book, but suited to draw out the general information of her pupils. Especially was it her delight to call forth all that the pupils knew of the Bible. On all such questions Miss Susan C., the name she went by to distinguish her from another Susan Farley who was a pupil in the school at the same time, had her hand unobtrusively raised more uniformly than almost any other scholar, and her replies were given with a finish, an independence, and a correctness, that insured the respect and confidence of every teacher and every member of the school. Her heart, also, which had preyed too much on itself, was drawn out in happy love to Miss Grant, Miss Lyon, and Miss Orr, the three ladies who bore the chief responsibility of the

government and instruction of the school. Each of these ladies saw immediately that in her they had the material of a fine woman, who, in the right place, would make the world better and brighter for her life and conversation. A friendship treasured ever in her heart's choicest memories, sprung up between herself and each of them. Miss Grant had a remarkable power of coming into sympathy with individual minds. In the course of a few months Miss Farley's extreme reserve on religious subjects was overcome, and she could repose her thoughts in happy trust on the heart of one who became to her more than many a mother is to her daughter, an affectionate friend, a safe counsellor, a confidential adviser, and an efficient aid. No one who has not known by experience the wonderful influence which Miss Grant exerted on her pupils, on those who were with her for years, and to whom she seemed to become more like a parent than a sister, can understand what this protection and friendship did for Miss Farley. It brought her to have confidence in herself by turning her remarkable talents to account, and thus showing her that she could do good and be happy. The letters written to her husband under the apprehension of death, after years of separation from Miss Grant, show, more plainly than any description or assertion, the esteem she felt for her, and the trust she continued to repose

in her integrity, benevolence, and friendship,—an esteem which was reciprocated, and a trust that was not misplaced and could never be dishonored.

On May 10, 1828, soon after she became a member of the seminary, she enjoyed, for the third time, an opportunity to celebrate the dying love of her Saviour. On the following day she writes:—

On Saturday last I was renewedly led, I trust by the Spirit of God, to give myself to him who is alone able to keep me from falling, to devote myself and all the powers he has given me to him alone who can so guide me as to promote his glory, my own best good, and the good of mankind.

Her determination to make of herself an efficient woman appears again in her journal under date of

June 26, 1828. I would endeavor, by the grace of God, to improve my time better than I have hitherto done, and, to this end, write a few rules to put me in remembrance of my duty.

First: I would endeavor, by divine assistance, to practise those virtues which are directly opposite to the vices I have too often indulged; for disorder and irregularity, order and regularity; for procrastination, punctuality; for idleness and listlessness, industry; for indecision, that decision which rests on

eternal truth. May I be helped not to slight what appears evidently my duty,—not to put it off to a future period. Here I would state that I believe, from what I have oftentimes experienced, that our heavenly Father does not call us by his providence to do things without providing a way for our accomplishing them; and that we should not let his calls pass by us, contenting ourselves with the reflection that some other time will answer just as well. It is our peremptory duty to do good as we have opportunity.

Second: I would endeavor to begin every day by rising early; and may I remember who hath spared me to the light of a new morning, and offer to him the morning sacrifice, beseeching him to guide and strengthen me to perform all my duties acceptably.

Third: I would strive to do everything in its season.

Fourth: May I remember to do one thing at a time, and not suffer myself to rove from one thing to another without effecting anything, but resolutely endeavor to keep to whatever I begin until it is handsomely completed.

Fifth: May I daily ask and daily receive grace from Heaven to control my passions, to keep my tongue from speaking evil, and to restrain my thoughts from sin.

Sixth: May I constantly strive to be obliging and kind to all, and to assist all about me, whenever I have it in my power, to the best of my ability.

Seventh: May I honor my parents, and seek the good of all those with whom I am connected, especially of my brothers and sisters.

Eighth: When I am assailed by temptation, outward or inward, may I flee to my heavenly Father to preserve and strengthen me.

Ninth: May I remember that no rules will avail, except I act upon them.

Tenth: Remembering my end, may I remember to do with all my might whatsoever I take in hand.

“Habit,” said the Duke of Wellington, “is not only nature, but ten times nature.” Those who witnessed the unruffled patience and quietness with which Mrs. Maxwell stood in her lot and performed the manifold duties which devolved upon her as teacher, mother, and mistress, will see by the preceding resolves with which she trained herself to duty, that her equanimity was an attainment acquired by watchful care, holy effort, and earnest prayer.

She was more inclined to reading and study than to active employments. Belles lettres was her strong and peculiar delight. She could live for weeks in

the creations of such minds as Walter Scott and Shakspeare. She, naturally enough, preferred her own thoughts, and the thoughts of the master minds with whom she was in communion, to the chit-chat and every-day affairs of this commonplace world. When she saw that it was her duty to be alive to the world around her, she struggled to be a willing and happy participant in its small affairs. Her struggles in this direction appear in the following entry, which was made in the spring of 1829. She was not at that time attending school.

• I must make a desperate effort to overcome my evil habits,—I must set myself resolutely to work,—I must rise at 4 o'clock, endeavor to work eight hours every day, and to read and study four, and remember that putting off work does not accomplish it.

I must set apart Wednesday evenings as special seasons for prayer and meditation, seeking for renewed strength, and studying what further I can do to promote God's glory, my own good, and the good of others; to look at the *present*, improve the *present*, and *live in the present*, in the exercise of social and relative duties. *I must study to be sociable.*

I must guard against passion, making it a rule ever to keep my lips firmly closed when I feel my temper rising.

I must endeavor to the utmost to guard against a roving imagination and castle-building, remembering that these neither provide for the contingencies of life, nor prepare the soul for disappointment and trial.

I must not forget that self-support is necessary to our happiness, so far, at least, as not to be burdensome to our friends. I shall consider my lot blessed, when, by my own exertions and God's blessing, I can relieve my friends of all care for my support.

May I endeavor to restrain all peevish feelings, and not to express my pettishness to the offence of others.

May pure love govern my conduct, control my feelings, and regulate my intercourse with my relatives, friends, acquaintances, and all others. The path of duty is the only path of safety, and though it be beset with difficulties, yet its ways are ways of pleasantness, and all *its paths* are peace. He who sees and knows our trials will assuredly grant us his sustaining presence, if we trust in him. For we have not an high priest who cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities, but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin.

Let me endeavor by divine grace to practise self-denial, as far as it is my duty, remembering that I must take up my cross and follow after my blessed Redeemer, who submitted to every sorrow, and died the ignominious death of the cross to redeem my soul and the fallen race of man.

CHAPTER V.

Sojourn at Norridgewock—Reunion with the Ipswich School.

IN the spring of 1829 Miss Farley was invited to go to Norridgewock, Maine, and engage in teaching in a select school there, in company with a townswoman of her own, Miss Dennis, now the wife of Hon. John Tenney, of that State. She gladly availed herself of this opportunity to enter on the business of instruction, and assume her own support. She continued in Norridgewock about a year and a half. We give a few extracts from her copious letters while at N., which show her strong attachment to her friends, her fervid enthusiasm, and the lofty aims she had continually in view in teaching.

This is certainly one of the happiest ways of living. There are sweet pleasures in our work, as well as many anxieties. Who can help loving their scholars, if they are attentive and diligent, and especially if they appear to love their teacher? The privilege of loving so many is certainly a very great one. Nothing adds so much to our happiness as the exer-

cise of the affections. I do love our scholars. I wish I did my duty generally as well as they do theirs. I mean yet to learn, from my dear Miss Grant, to be a good teacher. Have I told you my dream of life,—to keep school one half of the year, and go to school to Miss Grant the other? It is my great desire to learn to give my scholars religious instruction, and she, if any one, must teach me this lesson. My dear Miss Orr, in a recent letter, strongly urges it, but I think Miss Grant is aware of my backwardness in this respect, as well as of my inability. The last, perhaps, no one ought to offer as an excuse. How mean, how worthless, is everything else, compared with serving our heavenly Father, and obtaining an inheritance in the kingdom of Christ and of God! If we could dispel, or dared dispel, the “gloomy doubts that rise,” how consolatory, amidst our fears and disappointments here, it would be to look forward to that world where we shall know even as we are known, and where our hearts shall burn with pure and perfect love! There may our beloved teacher have many souls as crowns of her rejoicing, and may we, also, made white in the blood of the Lamb, be permitted to join that glorious assembly.

You do not know how beautifully the woods here have looked. There are a good many maple-trees,

which turn to a bright red; and while the woods were in their glory nothing could be more enchanting. Oh for the soft light days of the Indian summer in a country where are forests of maple, white birch, and whatever else fades in hues of scarlet, purple, and gold! These, mingled with evergreens, with a flowing river, and the pensive thoughts they inspire, make a paradise of earth. They have all given place now to the desolation and nakedness of winter. So fade our dreams.

They have a way in this country of bringing their wood to market, novel and strange to me. The owners of woodland mark their trees, cut them down, and send them floating down stream. A number of men take care of them in their progress, clearing them when they are entangled, moving them when they are obstructed, and conducting them safely over falls and under bridges, where they are liable to get entangled and do damage. These men are called a drive. Twenty-five, or more, are employed in such an enterprise. They build camps along their track, where they cook, eat, and sleep. They bring the wood from the central part of the State, ninety or a hundred miles above here. One drive, which came here from the banks of the Dead River, encamped in a shed on the other side of the Kennebec, a little

below us. Their camp fires in the evening looked very romantic.

How often do I wish that you and Charlotte were here, these evenings, these splendid evenings. Norridgewock is delightful, especially by moonlight. The Kennebec, just the other side of the street, is a beautiful river. We have, within a few days, taken a drive to the Norridgewock Falls, five or six miles above the village. The tribe of Norridgewock Indians lived just below the falls, at a place called Indian Old Point. They were slaughtered by the English. Miss Francis has worked their history into a tale, which has been published in Mr. Willis's *Legendary*.

I believe we think more of the friends from whom we are sundered on the Sabbath than on any other day. The disengagement from the absorbing and perplexing cares of the week, and the peculiar tenderness which religious exercises produce, join to bring before us thoughts of home and loved ones. While there may be danger that these thoughts may turn our minds from the proper business of the holy day, yet may they not be indulged to some extent? Do not these two powerful sentiments, devotion, and affection for our friends, assist each other? It can-

not be wrong to pray for our friends on the Sabbath. Is it true that brother J. and sister L. are received into the church? If so, we have reason to be thankful. How many tears have I shed over that dear boy! I thought him exposed to peculiar temptations. May God make him a burning and a shining light, and a great comfort to us all, but especially to our dear parents! What else, dear sisters, is there worth living for but to do our duty, make our own salvation sure, and minister to the good of others? A few short years and nothing else will be of any consequence to us. God, in his mercy, save us all from being backsliders!

TO MISS CALDWELL.

Only think, dear E., the Tuesday when we were having a delightful day together what scenes were acting in France. Bloody, to be sure, but with an object noble enough to immortalize the suffering that attended it. Do you not wish you could have been in Paris, and witnessed this great sacrifice on the altar of holy Liberty? Who can say that Frenchmen do not deserve to be free? Did you not admire those heroes of the Polytechnic school? I do not feel quite so enthusiastic as I did at first, but I am still ready to echo from the heart the words of the Marseillaise hymn.

Ye sons of France, awake to glory!
Hark! hark! what myriads bid you rise!
Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary,
Behold their tears and hear their cries.
To arms! to arms! ye brave!
The avenging sword unsheath;
March on, march on, all hearts resolved
On victory or death.

Yet it is a sad reflection that eight thousand perished in the fight. Freedom was dearly bought. I am afraid Spain, although she is aroused, will not do so well for herself and her future.

I shall give you, when I see you, a history of adventures, principally of our good Doctor's kindnesses.* I reckon them up until I feel that they are countless. The last evening I spent at his house, he sung

Blest be the tie that binds
Our souls in Christian love.

How could I help answering every line with my tears? What a noble, generous heart! Proud and happy I feel to call such a man my friend. He is elected to the next Congress, and I am very glad of it.

The last paragraph was written by Miss Farley in November, 1830, on her journey from Norridgewock

* Dr. James Bates, in whose family she boarded.

to Ipswich. Soon after her return she entered Miss Grant's school as a teacher, but for several years she devoted much of her time to study. Her appetite for knowledge grew with every passing year. The more it was fed, the more ravenous did it become. She would spend hours in preparing herself to hear a single recitation, and then go the class fearful and downcast, because what she knew was so little compared with what she saw yet to be learned. It was in these days that she studied Milton's *Paradise Lost* so carefully, that there was not an allusion in it which, in her after life, she could not explain without reference to a classical dictionary. The literature of the Bible was her constant study and delight, and the many ladies who enjoyed the privilege of sitting at her feet, will testify to the things new and old which she, every week, brought from that treasury. It was reckoned one of the choicest privileges of the school to be a member of Miss Farley's Bible class, and many visitors recollect with satisfaction an hour spent in hearing her bring forth and illustrate the riches of God's holy word. With as great reluctance as ability, she used occasionally to conduct the religious meetings of the school, and refresh the souls of believers by her rich effusions. She went to such meetings with a shrinking that was almost insupportable, but when once her mouth was opened, either

in prayer or in instruction, words and thoughts most appropriate and satisfying flowed from her rich mind and gushing heart. The Spirit spoke through her. The word was alive with divine power, and many a soul received a new impulse in her onward and upward journey during these seasons of prayer and communion.

In the following letter to her eldest sister, she describes, in a few words, the closing exercises of the academic year of the Seminary, 1831, the first year which she was connected with it as a teacher.

Do not you want to hear about the closing exercises of our school? As Miss Grant was absent, the conducting of them devolved on our dear Miss Lyon. The examinations in different studies were finished on Monday noon. In the afternoon the whole school read, to the satisfaction of their friends. On Tuesday morning the seniors were arrayed in white, with green and white ribbons. There were among them some really beautiful girls, of mental charms as well as fair features.

The exercises on Tuesday were the reading of compositions, interspersed with singing. After the first composition was read, Miss Lyon remarked that "a third more voice would enable all to hear." Upon this, a venerable man, with gray hair, rose, leaning on

a cane, and, after apologizing for his freedom by stating that he was an intimate friend of the teachers, remarked that a *little less* than one third more voice would do. Miss Lyon immediately introduced him to the school as Miss Grant's and her own dear teacher, and we all understood that the patriarch before us was Mr. Joseph Emerson, whose praises had so often filled their mouths and stirred our admiration. I was delighted to see one of whom I had conceived so high an estimate, and he became a great deal more interesting to me than the compositions. During all the exercises his attention was intensely fixed, and several times he was sensibly moved. He might have been giving God thanks for the privilege of aiding two such noble minds in preparing to enlighten and bless the world.

Miss H.'s composition on "Honorary Titles" was pronounced by Mr. C., a young minister who was present, one that would do honor to any institution.

After the compositions were read, Rev. Mr. Crowell gave an address on moral influence. When he concluded, Mr. Emerson was requested to speak, and he held us for half an hour in the most delightful way imaginable,—all ardor, all paternal love, all holy zeal. He talked of Miss G., and, addressing us as daughters, said: "Oh that you loved the Bible as she does! Oh that you loved the Saviour as she does!" and

spoke of that logical clearness which distinguishes her. He was rapt in contemplations of the millenium, and made us burn with desire to do somewhat to bring about the happy day. It would not be long in coming if there were many such spirits as his.

CHAPTER VI.

First Great Sorrow — Intercourse of Gentlemen with Ladies — Submits to a Surgical Operation.

MISS FARLEY'S first great sorrow was the loss of the sister next older than herself, who had been ever the companion of her life and the intimate of her soul. She was called away suddenly, about the close of the year 1831. A year and a half after her removal, when time had assuaged the wound it could not heal, Miss Farley made the following record of her bereavement and suffering:—

I sit down to record the recollections of an event which has cast a shadow over the world, and which makes me say at times, "Oh that I had wings like a dove, for then would I fly away and be at rest!" The aspect of life is changed since then. Heaven is more real, and draws me with unutterable longings. The world is more like a passing stage to a future scene. Lord, help me to do my appointed work faithfully, and take me unto thyself.

On Friday, the twenty-third of December, 1831, I first knew that my dear sister was considered dan-

gerously ill. The Sabbath before she attended meeting in the morning, and increased a heavy cold which then oppressed her. In the afternoon we sat in our room and studied our Bibles together; how little I thought, for the last time! On Tuesday she was confined to her bed, and, from this time, became rapidly worse. In her distress her mind wandered at times. On Friday afternoon she knew me, though reason tottered, and her countenance was deathly pale. That day we gave up the expectation of her life; yet hope did linger to the very last. Her distress for breath was, at times, very great. She tried to raise herself, and asked to have the window raised, saying, "I want free air." I stayed by her and supported her, trying to raise her a little. In the evening the change became so great that the family, unable to bear the sight of her sufferings, left the room. I stayed with her to the last. The heart-sickness of that night is terrible to recollect. I could not cease to cling to every sign of hope, and when the doctor announced that she could not continue long, the anguish of my soul cannot be written. She was supported by pillows in bed, her countenance was like death, but her eyes were dazzlingly and wildly bright. I could not realize that my dearly beloved sister was indeed about to be removed. I gazed at her, and my heart was rent, as it

were, in twain, yet, at moments, I was so calm that I wonder now at it. Some of the last words we could distinguish were, "Home, home." Her breath became shorter and shorter; it fled away, and left this world dark to me.

Our hope for our dear sister was not founded on her last moments. We had not the comfort of hearing her say that she was ready for the king of terrors. But we had evidence of a change before, and there was nothing to destroy this hope. My heart bleeds; I was unworthy of this sister while she lived. Oh that I might hear her voice pronounce the words, "I have forgiven all that was unkind." I can now see how I might have treated her more tenderly, more forbearingly. Lord forgive me, for Jesus Christ's sake. Let this providence teach me my duty to surviving friends. Let me be thankful that thou didst mingle infinite love in this judgment, in that thou didst wash this lamb in thy cleansing blood before thou didst take her away. For one year and a half she has been praising thy grace on Mount Zion. Her eyes do not now overflow with tears, but are filled with overflowing bliss. I have suffered some things hard to be borne, but it is a delightful comfort to me to think of the time when I shall meet her pure spirit on the heavenly shore, and feel the kiss of sisterly love again. We shall then

part no more. How many years must I wait in the flesh? Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly, yet let me not be impatient, but do thy work with a willing, benevolent heart. Lord, comfort me; Lord, pity me; grant my earnest prayers, give me supplies of thy grace. Let thy blessed kingdom come! Amen.

We next give a letter of Miss Farley to her brother, a few years older than herself, who had been very kind to her, and to whom she was strongly attached, dated Jan. 7, 1832.

I was very glad to hear from you by James, and very much interested in the contents of your letter. So I use my first leisure moments to give you the thoughts to which it has given rise.

You speak as if you have not found all the favor in the eyes of our sex that you desire. To tell you the truth, I think you may have lost by not understanding our feelings. What if I should give you my idea of the way for a gentleman to be valued by the ladies? He must not appear to like them over-much, or to seek their society too ardently. Depend upon it, we value most what is not easy to be had, and too much devotion to ladies excites in them feelings akin to contempt. "A lady's man" is more a term of scorn than praise. A young man must be polite, but never forward, if he would not disgust.

Ladies prefer gentlemen who converse intelligently, and on subjects of some consequence. They may trifle with a trifler, but they despise him, after all. Even if they are silly themselves, they do not like silly men. Do not make love, courtship, and marriage, themes of discourse. Be interested in more important subjects than the ladies themselves, and they will like you all the better.

I approve entirely of your resolution to look out for the best lady to be found, but do not be discouraged if you do not at once meet with her. You can obtain a good-for-nothing woman at any time ; but a virtuous woman who can find? Her price is far above rubies. She is not a jewel to be had at every corner. Persist in searching for such a one. Do not be in a hurry, and, I have no doubt, Providence will show you one, such as you need and can obtain.

Allow me to ask if you do not place a little too much value on externals? Beauty is certainly desirable, but it will not make up for the want of more important things.

I do not wish you to have a handsome, vain thing, whose head has always been full of herself, and who would always be sighing for wealth and consequence, and make herself and all around her unhappy. Imagine yourself to have been married two whole years, and what should you wish your wife to

be? You would wish her to be interesting in person, of sound principles, intelligent in mind, agreeable in conversation, skilful in domestic affairs, and one who would look up to you and respect you. Is not this what you want? I do wish you could find such a one, who could sympathize in your feelings, who could manage your affairs with prudence, who could make you a happy home; one who would last good through a whole life. Remember that pure principle and a good temper are the two most important requisites. Do not be impatient. There is time enough yet. May you seek guidance at the fountain of wisdom, and be led in the way of peace and happiness.

Miss Grant had been absent from the school at Ipswich for more than half a year when Miss Farley makes the following record:—

In July I visited Boston, to see Miss Grant. I could hardly believe that I saw my dear friend and teacher again. It was a precious privilege to converse with her once more. She spoke of my dear sister Tace, and said, "It is as if God had prepared her for himself and then taken her to his presence."

I asked her how I could maintain spirituality of mind. She replied, "Speak much to God in prayer, and let him speak much to you in his word."

Miss Grant was staying at Hon. Samuel Hubbard's. I was much interested in many remarks which he made. On the question as to the best way of teaching reading, he said, "You must have the spirit first." He did not think much of rules. I thought he undervalued mechanical exercises with the voice.

This visit was very valuable to my mind and heart. I have not since doubted Miss G.'s affection for me. I was enlivened and instructed by seeing her strong faith and entire submission. The language of her heart and lips seemed to be, "I am waiting to know what the will of the Lord is."

After Miss F.'s return from Boston she was favored with a glimpse of a Christian's death-bed. Miss Kingsley, a member of the school and a lovely disciple of Jesus, sickened and died at the boarding-house of the Seminary. Her last hours were clear and happy. None who witnessed the calmness and joy with which she walked across the river of death can ever forget the scene. Miss Lyon, who at that time had charge of the school, watched her to the last with the most intense interest. Miss Farley writes: —

When I went into Miss Kingsley's room, they said to her, "Miss Farley is here." I took her hand.

She said, "Tell the young ladies of our section * to seek the Saviour *now*; to seek him earnestly; now is the accepted time; now is the only sure time." She asked Miss Lyon to pray with her. Miss Lyon knelt and entreated God to pardon every one of her sins, and to receive her as a dearly beloved child into his courts, there to be forever safe. Miss K. prayed audibly for herself, for the churches, for the church at Brighton, of which she was a member, for the school, that it might continue a shining light, and for her friends and relatives. She thanked God for continuing to her the power of thought and the use of her reason, especially that she was able to think so much of her mother, her brothers, and sisters. She asked Miss Lyon to go and see her mother, if ever she went to Brighton. Oh that I may be "up and doing." Soul, what art thou about? Art thou ready for the coming of thy Lord?

Miss Farley's father being aged and infirm, she felt a care for every branch of their large family. Her brother, Joseph Swasey, was lost in 1820-21, on a voyage from Batavia to Madras, leaving a wife and five children. To them she alludes in the following letter:—

* The division of young ladies of whom Miss Farley had special charge; thirty of the older ones, all being over twenty years of age.

IPSWICH, July 10, 1832.

DEAR BROTHER: I received to-day a letter from Copenhagen, forwarded by the kindness of Mr. Phillips. After feeling so much uncertainty about the affairs of the children, I was truly rejoiced to hear from them and to know that they have a guardian who is doing for them what he thinks is for the best. We cannot decide, without knowing more of the circumstances, whether to advise that Mr. A. or that Mrs. Rockstoff have charge of the dear children. The letters place Mrs. R. in an amiable and interesting point of view, and she seems sincerely attached to the children. Would it not be well to write to Mr. A., and obtain his views concerning them, and as to what would be best for them, directly from himself? Consult Mr. Phillips as to the enclosed letter to him, and tell me just what he thinks. I want to know how good the *best schools* at Tranquebar are. We wish very much to have the girls write to us. I should like to write to Charlotte, could I know of a good opportunity.*

* The following notice of Joseph Swasey Farley is from the pen of his esteemed friend and classmate, Judge Phillips of Cambridge.

Died, on a passage from Batavia to Madras, Joseph S. Farley, of the latter place, and formerly of Ipswich, Massachusetts. The vessel in which Mr. Farley took his passage sailed from Batavia in Dec. 1820, and had not been afterwards heard from at Madras, in Dec. 1821. Accordingly, there is no doubt that the vessel and all on board of her have been lost.

TO HER BROTHER THOMAS.

Sept. 24, 1832. I hope you will have a safe and prosperous voyage. I wish everything might answer your expectations in the success, but when I begin to wish for you, I cannot stop here. How can I be contented to have you possess only temporal good, when we must so soon enter upon a state where these things can be of no use? Oh, that I may live to hear you say you have a hope full of immortality, a hope that when this mortal body shall be dissolved, you have a portion reserved for you with all who love God. Oh, that you could know by experience

Mr. Farley was graduated at Cambridge in 1810, where he stood in the first rank as a scholar, and, had the state of his health permitted him to devote himself to literary and professional pursuits, he could not have failed of placing himself among the most distinguished. But being obliged, on account of his health, to change his occupation, he went out to India in 1811, where he established himself as a merchant, and where he remained, mostly at Madras, during the rest of his life. He has left there a widow and five children, and his death is lamented by many sincere and warm friends, both there and in his native country. He was a man of generous and elevated sentiments, and the most lively sensibilities: he possessed an original, powerful, and fertile mind, capable of incessant and intense activity. He seemed to be born to act a great part in the world, and leave in it some lasting monument of himself; but he has passed away without seeming to have lived to the purposes intended by nature. Only those who were intimately acquainted with him know the extent of his intellectual endowments; and they will cherish his remembrance with no less admiration than regret.

what the religion of the heart is; could feel the love of the Saviour, how sweet it is; how like an anchor to the soul amid the storms of this life, and entering even into heaven. Ah! my dear brother, if you had this, the world and all its pleasures would not seem much in comparison with that peace of God which passeth all understanding. Then you would desire to live to promote his glory; circumstances, however adverse, would not shake your feet, were they fixed on the Rock of Ages. You would be happy, and wish to live to bring others to the same happiness. And why may I not see my dear brother a partaker of this blessed hope? Will you not revolve the question, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" Soon, very soon, will come the summons to depart hence, and, if it should find you unprepared, where then will be the delights which you now value and enjoy? What will become of the naked soul, when it is called to give an account of every idle word at the bar of God? But it is now an accepted time and a day of salvation. The Saviour yet spares you to seek and obtain salvation. Is not this the appropriate business of this present life? Was not the Bible given to help us? Does not Jesus Christ there tell us that "except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God?"

Now, hear another word from the same gracious lips: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that heareth my word, and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life." (John v. 24.)

Perhaps you say to yourself, I wish Susan would not write me thus: I have heard this a hundred times before. But how can I help writing thus, when I know that your eternal salvation is at stake? It is no less real because you have so often heard it. Oh, that God, by his Spirit, might enable you to say, "Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief." Do you pray, daily, sincerely, earnestly? How can you expect eternal life, if you do not even ask for it? Shall not we, will not you, labor to attain that blessed rest on which, we hope, our dear sister Tace has entered? Shall we not seek that Saviour in whom she believed and trusted? How can we bear to be separated from her, in the eternal world of joy and happiness!

Very lately I have seemed to have a view of the future world of blessedness, almost to stand at its threshold. It was at the dying bed of Miss Kingsley, one of our pupils. When told that she must soon die, she calmly asked to have some of God's promises repeated to her, that she might see whether

she did indeed put her trust in him. She herself repeated, "This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners;" and added, "Not my will, but thine, O God, be done." She spent the greater part of the time that she was sensible, in prayer for herself and others. She said, "Oh! how sweet it is to pray; it seems as if I could not stop; I want to pour out my whole soul to God." Afterwards she said, "I am happy; it is safe for them who trust in Jesus." And so she departed in peace to be with her Redeemer. Oh, may I be so happy, may you be so happy, as to meet her, a blessed angel, hereafter.

Farewell, my dear brother. May God be with you in your vessel, go with you, and bless you now and for ever.

Not many months after the death of her sister, Miss Farley discovered, with the apprehension which it naturally excites, that a tumor was forming in her breast. After carrying the burden in her soul for some weeks, she was wise enough to reveal to her near friends the facts in the case. They advised her at once to consult Dr. Warren, and he recommended her to come to Boston in the autumn, when he would examine the part affected, and inform her definitely as to the course he might judge most

desirable. Accordingly, in October, immediately after the summer term of the school closed, she went to Cambridge, to her Aunt McKean's, little doubting that she must go through a severe surgical operation, and hoping that she might be able to resume her place in school at the opening of the winter term.

Subsequently she writes: I went to Cambridge, October 17th, with the expectation of undergoing a severe surgical operation. When I reached my dear friends in Cambridge, I had a violent headache. I felt better at night, though I had floating visions of the horrors which I anticipated. Once in a while I woke with a shuddering consciousness of the pain I was to endure. On Friday the physicians came. After a short examination they left the room. In a few minutes, Cousin W. (Dr. McKean) returned with an encouraging, animating look, and said, "Have you a good stock of courage to-day?" He told me the operation was decided upon, and asked me if it should be performed immediately. I assented, and the preparations were soon made. While they were engaged in these, I strove to seek strength where alone it is to be found. I desired to endure it without shaming him who is near in every time of need, and without giving unnecessary pain to those who were assisting. I think I can say my Saviour was

not afar off. He granted me my desire, in removing from me what I feared more than the rest, *feelings of shame inconsistent with the purity he loves.*

The anguish of the first incision was sharp. "That is the worst of it," said W., as it was made. I tried to pray, and it seemed as if the glory of the Saviour's throne was near, and I could obtain access to it. "He suffered more than this for me," "Now, O Lord, let me be crucified to the world, and the world to me;" "my body, as my soul, is thine." These thoughts filled my mind as much as the pain permitted; but for that, the suffering would have been much greater. The first operation lasted two or three minutes. Then there was a respite. The subsequent washing and closing the wound, seemed to me as painful as the first part.

I have, indeed, been surprisingly supported through an experience which we are accustomed to associate with the severest agonies to which nature is subject. As I endured it, the thought, "Can death be more bitter than this?" rose again and again. Yet it was short,—perhaps, in the whole, twenty minutes,—and few afflictions but last longer; I felt this was little, indeed, compared with the bereavement of last winter.

May this be an additional reminder to me of the faithfulness and loving-kindness of God, and may I

feel more than ever that the body he watched over must be devoted to his service. May I be especially grateful for the kindness and delicacy with which the physicians performed their part, and for the firmness of my dear aunt, who held my arm during the operation.

I have been taken care of since, by my friends in Cambridge, with a watchfulness and zealous kindness which was as unexpected as it was undeserved, and which I could not reasonably have looked for anywhere, even at home. In particular, my dear Charlotte has shown the most untired and untiring devotion and affection to every want and every minute circumstance for my comfort.

This operation, which added perhaps a score of years to a useful life, was performed before the discovery of ether or chloroform had made the application of the knife a small matter. All the attendants testified to the fortitude which Miss Farley manifested. In speaking of the circumstances to the writer, she said, "I fixed my thoughts intensely on God." She afterwards added, "I closed my eyes, as they told me I must, but I have been half sorry I did, for I lost the only opportunity, I suppose, that I shall ever have, of witnessing such an operation." The love of knowledge, her master passion, was

stronger in her mind than the fear of the knife; a noble curiosity was her strongest trait.

Under date of Dec. 3, 1832, she writes to Miss Grant, who was passing the winter in Georgia.

As I lay on the bed for a day or two after the operation, passages of Scripture and verses of hymns that I did not know my poor memory retained, flowed sweetly through my mind. Though I was not without vain and unprofitable thoughts, which vexed and disquieted my soul, yet, on the whole, my stay in Cambridge was a season of more than usual spiritual peace and enjoyment. I have learned that God can make his grace abound in any circumstances.

Miss Lyon had recommended to the young ladies to read during the vacation the Epistle to the Romans. I enjoyed it very much, and I hope it did me good. Since my return to school, I have attended to branches that do not require much preparation. I have seldom known so much nearness to God for so great length of time. Yet I do so little for the cause of Christ, and am such an indolent and unprofitable servant, that I am often cast down and sorrowful.

The school is in a very good state. We are attending to composition much of the time just now.

The young ladies are writing on Bible subjects such as the destruction of the Assyrians, Peter, Jeremiah, the deliverance of the Jews from Egypt, the captivity, and the like. This, we hope, will endear the Bible to them. I cannot begin to tell you how interesting our Bible lessons are. The blessed book seems more delightful to me, every week. We are studying the prophets, and reviewing the history of the kings in connection. The Scriptures are an endless mine of richest treasures. Our Sabbath-school lessons, too, are delightful.

CHAPTER VII.

Letters to her Brother and to her Cousin.

WE give extracts from Miss Farley's letters to the brother with whom she was on terms of special intimacy, Capt. Thomas Farley.

I am sorry to hear you say you never expect to have a home and taste domestic happiness. Not that I think a wife the one thing needful, or that there is need of hurry, yet I believe that Providence designs that most people shall be happier "in the holy state," and does in good time open opportunities to deserving men to find deserving wives. I had rather you would wait ten years for one that will make you happy, than marry now to one who is empty, light, and vain; but I desire that you may not form any resolution against the state, but try to make yourself worthy the best lady that treads our planet.

"Melancholy," too! Do you know there is such a thing as so ordering all the conduct by the great *law of right*, that the breast shall be filled with per-

petual sunshine? I wonder if you have ever tried this experiment thoroughly?

How do you come on with your mathematics? You must have an object while on shore, as well as when at sea, and this object will surely be, either your improvement in knowledge and goodness, or the gratifications of sense.

I am studying geometry. It is fascinating. Studies that require intense attention have a peculiar charm. They brace the intellect to strength. What a noble gift are these minds, capable of so much improvement here, and destined, if renewed and purified, to go on for ever unfolding! I hope you find your leisure delightful and profitable. Your mind is capable of cultivation. It is a field where you would not have to labor in vain.

What do you think of what I said of the way of gaining the favor of ladies? Was it not just? I do want you to avoid trifling with ladies. If those whom you meet will trifle, I would leave their society. Probably the future usefulness, respectability, and prosperity of a young man depend not less on the character of the ladies than on that of the young men with whom he associates. Seek the society of women of pure hearts, strong sense, and enlarged and cultivated minds. Every one of these things is necessary.

How much does the happiness of your sisters and parents depend on you ! Take care that you do not let your feelings run away with your judgment. Why is it that many persons with kind feelings, good morals, taste for knowledge, and many other valuable traits, have little prosperity ? You and I know several such. I have thought that it often results from the lack of keeping a specific object in view, and of exercising a *strong, fixed, and immovable determination* to pursue that object by all lawful means. Oh that your object in life may be high, and your standard of action very high ! Leave the society of the frivolous and vain. *Seek*, for you will not find without seeking, that of the enlightened and noble-minded. The world ought to be better and happier for your having lived in it.

Her next letter to the same brother chronicles an event of great interest to Miss Farley and the family. It is dated September, 1833.

You will be glad to learn that papa's certificate of service in the revolutionary war has come at last. Mr. Andrews (Mr. Farley's attorney) was delighted to receive it after all his trouble about it. Our friends are dropping in to congratulate him. The pension is due for two years and a half back, making the more to come in now. I am glad that he is thus

sure of a comfortable supply for his wants during the remainder of his life. It is also very pleasing to him, as the reward of services for his country more than fifty years ago. He receives pay as lieutenant.

Nov. 6, 1833. Our school commenced a week ago to-day. We have over 150 scholars. We are drilling them in writing. Once a day the teachers read compositions before the whole school. Some of their productions are quite entertaining. I am staying at the Swazey House now, where more than a score of the young ladies board. In the evening, they all sit together in what is called the study-room. This is a large apartment, well warmed, carpeted, and furnished with long tables covered with green flannel. The scholars study around these tables in stillness, except at the recesses. I am, at this present writing, presiding in this study-room.

Should you like to know how we pass our days? At a quarter before six, we rise at the ringing of a Chinese gong, and put our rooms in order. At half past six, we breakfast. The hour after breakfast is divided into two parts; the first half hour, half the family pass in their rooms alone, and the other half study; the second half hour, those who have been studying have their rooms alone, and those who have been alone have their seats in the

.

study-room. By this arrangement every young lady has the privilege of her room uninterrupted for half an hour, and can, if she chooses, obey the precept of our Lord contained in Matthew vi. 6. The interval between eight o'clock and half past eight, when school regularly opens, can be spent in walking. At quarter past twelve we dine, and at half past one return to school. School exercises close at quarter past four. Walking, tea, and visiting, occupy us until half past six, when study hours for the evening commence. An arrangement for retirement, like that in the morning, is made for the evening. Retirement, study, and social recesses, fill up the evening. We may sit up till ten o'clock, but we have the privilege of going to our pillows earlier, if we desire. How do you like this division of time, eight hours for sleep, seven for meals, visiting, and exercise, and nine for school and study? The feeble-bodied are excused from a part of the study.

Last night, after school, we strolled on Town Hill. It was mild and pleasant; the sun was just sinking in the West. The village lay below, lovely, peaceful. The hill was silent, but busy sounds reached us from every side. The hammering on Turkey shore, the water falling over the rocks, the cows lowing, the boys playing, all gave signs of life and activity below. The smoke from the chimneys was too heavy

for the light air, and hung in festoons over and around the ancient houses. Such a scene has a magical power in calming my feelings. I thought of the day, not a hundred years distant, I hope, when all the people in this busy world will be good and happy.

TO MISS C. M.

I did not know but you would take upon yourself the generous part, after the crossing of our letters, but hearing nothing from you, I see not but what I must make the next advances.

Last night, the teachers went to Miss Grant's room to recite to her in Alexander's Evidences of Christianity. It is an excellent treatise, and helps one to give an intelligent reason for the hope that is in him. About nine, it was suggested that we should take a turn at that bodily exercise which profiteth little, and what do you think we did? We formed a circle in the middle of the room. Miss G touched my shoulder, saying, "Catch me if you can," and commenced running around the circle, and your humble servant after her. I did catch her, but not until flying round several times. I next touched some one, who in her turn had to catch me. We continued the game until all had had an opportunity to show their nimbleness in running, and until a

spirit of mirthfulness prevailed. I know not when I have had such a run. It made a child of me again.

Have you read the Evidences of Christianity, by Dr. Alexander? It is well worth a careful perusal. Did you ever hear any one reason in this manner,—“I believe such or such a doctrine, and therefore it is true to me?” Let me play the teacher for a moment, and say, that not all the belief or disbelief of mortals, can for a moment alter the steadfast reality of things.

How much error, uncharitableness, and human frailty is mingled with religion! A teachable spirit, and a spirit of prayer, are among the most conclusive evidences that we are, in truth, followers of the meek and lowly Jesus. Pray for me, my friend, that I may have love in exercise, in far greater measure, and that I may be freed from selfishness. When all my inquiry and all my care shall be, “Lord, what wilt thou have me to do,” I know that the sweet peace which he gives his beloved ones will be mine.

Have you heard of the religious interest at Andover? It is said, that thirty family altars have been raised, and that many young persons have decided to follow the Saviour. The signs of the times, dear Charlotte, are joyous and reviving. Ethiopia shall stretch forth her hands unto God. Ought we not

to labor, as well as to pray, that the earth may be full of the knowledge of God?

I had a letter, a few days ago, from E., in which she gave a glowing account of a sermon she heard in Philadelphia, which must have been made after Dr. Beecher's pattern. A young minister asked him about rules for the composition of a sermon. "I know of but two," was the Doctor's reply; "make it heavy, and make it hot."

TO HER BROTHER.

OCT. 14, 1833.

I received your letter while in Salem, visiting. I am sorry to learn that you are afflicted with melancholy. Want of business and employment as naturally produces it, as the bite of a mad dog, hydrophobia. How difficult it is to do what we would in this jostling world. We must do ever the very *best we can*, and be content. We often fail by aiming at something beyond our reach, and so neglecting the day of small things. A taste for study, if you acquire it, will save you many hours of despondency.

I have had a very pleasant visit at Salem. At Mrs. Brookhouse's, we met Rufus Choate and lady. His conversational powers are very fine. Nothing he says could be improved. Every sentence flows forth as beautifully polished as if he had studied it a month. Mrs. B.'s sister remarked after he left,

that his eminence was owing to application; that untiring pains had raised him far above those who were originally his equals. We are very apt to think that great men accomplish great things by some natural gift, without labor, as easily as one could say, Jack Robinson. Newton, however, says that it was by thinking, that he made his discoveries. This is a comforting and encouraging doctrine for those, like you and me, who know that we cannot boast of any extraordinary endowments.

Do let me hear from you again. Tell me all about your doings and sayings. Activity of mind is as necessary to good spirits as activity of body.

Dear brother, "Lean not on earth, 't will pierce thee to the heart."

Feb. 1, 1834. There have been several four-days' meetings in Boston. I think they are eminently calculated to awaken careless minds. It has been the desire of my heart, every time I have heard of such a meeting, that you might attend. How many times did our Saviour say, both while he was on earth and after he went to glory, "Who hath ears to hear let him hear!" Will you not go to the next meeting that may be held in the city? I long to see you a devoted servant of the Most High God. Do you realize, that if you are not his dear child, you

are his enemy? And who can stand, when he appeareth to execute vengeance?

In the next letter, written to Capt. Farley, as he was about to sail for New Orleans, she makes mention of their older brother Henry, who had married and settled in Louisiana, and shows her character in the little gifts she sends to him and his, as well as in her interest for her brother's crew.

You will undoubtedly see brother Henry. I send a few books to his wife and children; "The Mother at Home" for his wife; "The Child at Home" for Brien; "The Little Philosopher" for the younger children, and a pocket Testament for Henry himself. I wanted to send brother H., "The Young Christian," but I cannot find it in town.

I trust you will continue the study of French, on the voyage. I hope we shall yet be able to write to one another in that language. Thinking you will like to read it, I send you my Abercrombie's "Inquiries concerning the Mind," which I trust you will not like the less because it has my marks in it. I send you also an address of Dr. Daniel Dana, full of excellent thoughts on reading, which I am sure you will appreciate. He gave the address to our school a few weeks ago.

The tracts I send are for your sailors. Do get them to read them as much as you can. Would it not be well for you to collect a small library of good books, that you can lend to your men on successive voyages? You have an opportunity to do good by taking care of the morals of your crew, and giving them good instruction. Sailors are certainly a very interesting class of people.

A few weeks later she writes to the same brother :

I was glad indeed to receive your letter from New Orleans.

I thank you for telling me so plainly that you are not engaged. Do be careful not to give attentions that may be fairly construed to mean something, where you have no serious intentions. Particular attentions are tacit promises, from which it is difficult to withdraw with honor. You will treat young ladies as you would have me treated, will you not? I should be indignant if offered particular attentions without any meaning. Next to your final salvation, it is the strongest desire of my heart, that you should be united to a virtuous, amiable, discreet, and intelligent woman.

I am now in Boston, on my way to join Miss Grant and several other ladies, who have been connected with the seminary as teachers and pupils, to jour-

ney with them through New York, Ohio, and Michigan. I did strongly hope to see you before going, but we shall meet, I trust, ere long. We are always liable to be separated on earth; if we can only spend eternity together in the world of happiness, it will be sweet. I hope you will not be left to an earthly portion. May we both have treasure in heaven.

CHAPTER VIII.

Journey to the West — Sojourn in Detroit — Return to Ipswich.

IN the spring of 1834, Miss Farley decided to leave the school at Ipswich for a season and go to Detroit, where she had been invited to engage in teaching. It was a trial to her to leave a situation in which she was tenderly beloved and very useful, to go into a new and uncertain field; but her friends advised her to this course, and she desired herself to see more of our country, and to become acquainted with a new section of it. Many appeals too had been made to the ladies of the Ipswich school, to give their hearts, their labors, and their influence to the new States; and she desired earnestly to add her mite to the regeneration of the Great West, and through that to the wide world. In reference to this undertaking, she says in a letter to a friend, dated March 4, 1834: "How sweet is the thought that infinite wisdom guides, and infinite power protects us; how precious the hope, that at length we shall safely land on a delightful shore, and talk over the perils and deliverances of the deep we have crossed."

On the 22d of April, she closed her connection for a year with the beloved school at Ipswich. She writes in her journal.

The last few days of our school I was led to pray, with more than usual earnestness, that I might be kept tranquil through the exercises and partings to the very last, and the Saviour heard my prayer and enabled me to cast my burden on him.

Why should I ever again distrust him? He has provided the means for my contemplated journey, about which I was troubled, and I ought not to doubt that he is ready to help me through the labors of the coming year, if I will lean on him.

On Saturday evening, I went to the Sabbath-school teachers' meeting, which is held at Miss Grant's room, and which she conducts. I was late. When I arrived, Miss Grant was praying. I waited outside by the door, and heard her plead with God for some one, that she might be kept safely while away, and returned to labor here. Was it *for me*? After the meeting, I waited to enjoy with her once more the free communion I have often found so delightful. I asked her to tell me my characteristics, both good and bad. I wished to gain strength against discouragement.

She replied, "You have many excellences which

might be rendered very useful to the world. You have one defect, which, I think, you can remove. In performing your duty, particularly your duty as a Christian, there is in your manner, sometimes, a want which brings to my mind the lines,

'Tis love that makes our *cheerful* feet
In swift obedience move.

Your countenance sometimes says, 'I cannot,' when your lips are silent. You need to bring this reluctance fully before your mind, and resolve that you will do *heartily* whatever you ought to do, and that without reference to your feelings. You will be much happier when you once fully make up your mind to do so."

"Another thing," she added; "I think it would be well for you to take a more extended view of a course of conduct, before you suffer your mind to come to a decision respecting it. Let the first question be, Is it right? Is it on the whole best? When that is settled, go forward in the strength of the Lord, and do the best you can."

The last thing she said was this: "When you have aimed at doing as well as you could, and fallen short of your own standard, do not feel mortified at the failure, nor say, 'I never can succeed,' but keep on trying, resolved *to do the best you can.*"

This was the substance of her conversation. I came home and confessed my sins, and prayed for help. I hope the Saviour heard me, that he will enable me to give up my *last sin*, and to devote myself without reserve to him. O thou whom I have chosen as my portion, though I am a backsliding daughter, I cannot let thee go.

In the preceding record she passes over, almost without mention, Miss G.'s enumeration of the points in which she excelled, but faithfully minutes all the points on which she needed to guard; and this was characteristic. Indeed, a sweet charm in her conversation was an extreme and unaffected humility, and an apparent unconsciousness of her superiority, mingled with an inherent independence and originality which made her a centre of the best and most intelligent circles.

Before leaving home, Miss Farley copied into her note-book the following directions for her guidance and demeanor.

DUTIES OF A CHRISTIAN TRAVELLER.

TO HIMSELF.

1. It is the duty of a Christian traveller to carry his religion with him wherever he goes, so that it may appear in his conduct and conversation that he is a follower of Christ.

2. To consider often that the life of a traveller necessarily exposes Christian character to almost double the temptation that one ordinarily meets with in quiet life at home.

3. To set a double guard at the door of the lips, to turn away the eyes from alluring vice, and to withdraw the foot from every doubtful way.

4. To watch the heart with double diligence; to maintain with scrupulous fidelity the private reading of the Bible, and secret prayer; and to allow nothing to interfere with the duty of daily communion with God.

TO CHRISTIAN STRANGERS.

1. It is the duty of a Christian traveller to find out Christian strangers. His own ingenuity, if he loves a fellow Christian, will suggest a thousand ways of doing it.

2. To treat them as politely and affectionately as if they were relatives; to study attentions to them; to delight in communicating information that will give them pleasure, and to show an interest in their comfort and welfare.

3. To get acquainted with their Christian feelings, to sympathize with them, and to encourage, animate, and comfort them.

4. To unite with them in doing good to others, and to help along every thing calculated to promote religious influence.

TO OTHER TRAVELLERS.

1. To treat everybody with so much true politeness that any Christian in the company would feel gratified to have it known that that person is a professor of religion.

2. To give conversation a useful turn; to get information; to impart it; to seek opportunities to put "an apple of gold in a picture of silver."

3. To study human nature, to seek out suffering, and to pay especial regard to the poor, the afflicted, and to any person in the company who is especially neglected; to defend the absent; to take the part of the weak; to interest children, and try to make impressions on their hearts which will never be effaced.

4. Never to obtrude religion, and never to shrink when the cause is assailed; to say nothing in praise of one's own denomination, but to speak well of others, and endeavor to do good to them and to promote their objects.

5. To conciliate friends, to soothe anger, to be a real peacemaker; not to intermeddle, not to be inquisitive, but very carefully to improve every favorable opening to do good actions, to speak kind words, and to prevent unhappy occurrences.

The Religious Magazine, Vol. 2, p. 255.

IPSWICH, April 19, 1834.

These are the principles and maxims with which Miss Farley started on her tour to the West in 1834. They were peculiarly appropriate to the modes of travelling at that period, when the stage-coach and the canal-boat furnished the best facilities for locomotion, and six miles an hour was counted good speed; but they are not without their application in these days of steam and the iron horse. A Christian lady may give a cup of cold water to a homely, way-worn woman, at an ordinary railway station, in a manner so cordial and gracious as to honor the Saviour and secure his blessing.

We give some extracts from Miss Farley's letters on this journey.

From Schenectady she writes:—

Early on the morning of the 17th, we left New York city in a steamboat for Albany. On the opposite shore, as we left, we saw Hoboken, where Hamilton fell. There are no visible remains of the fortifications of forts Lee and Washington. The palisades are dark-colored rocks in interrupted groups on the very margin of the river. They look like four-sided pillars, rudely cut, standing side by side, of different heights. Some of them are five hundred feet high. You could easily fancy them the ruins

of gigantic fortifications frowning over the river, guarding the lovely green hills and woods.

The barn in Tarrytown, near the spot where Andre was taken, was pointed out to us. At Tappan Sea, the river widens to the distance of four miles, but we cannot realize the extent until we look at the houses on the shore, which appear no larger at first view than bird-houses.

Stony Point, which we passed, has the appearance of a large hill, rocky and overgrown with trees and bushes. It is now crowned by a lighthouse. Its capture in 1779, by Gen. Wayne and his brave compatriots, was one of the most glorious enterprises in the revolutionary struggle. Anthony's Nose on the left bank, is 1,500 feet high. Here we seemed landlocked by wooded hills on every side, the river is so winding.

We came to West Point, and I beheld the very fort so nearly delivered up, by treachery, to the enemy. On the right stands a white house, which the commander of the fort made his head-quarters. On the left, the stone academy, one hundred and fifty feet from the river, crowns the ascent. One hundred and fifty feet higher, and farther back, stands Fort Putnam, looking like a round stone castle. The high hills around are wild and beautifully wooded. We stopped at the wharf a few

minutes to leave passengers. Some of the cadets made their appearance. The older ones are dressed in dark frock coats abundantly ornamented with buttons. The younger boys wore a light-gray uniform, and caps of the same color. They all were very erect, and had quite a touch of the military air about them.

The Catskill mountains, like masses of rich blue clouds piled up in the horizon, sublimely rose before me. Smiling villages and cultivated fields, the beautiful river dotted with sails, the distant highlands blue and faint, the bright blue canopy above, here and there relieved with clouds bordered with silver, made a picture delightful and refreshing, more beautiful than I can begin to describe. And you are already weary with reading, and I will draw on your patience no longer, at this sitting.

In New York State, we visited the Salt Works at Syracuse and Salina. Syracuse has been settled about ten years. It looks like a piece of a great city. On the road from Syracuse to Salina, about two miles, we had a beautiful view of Onondaga lake gilded by the setting sun. Salina has been settled about forty years. The springs were discovered in 1673 by Jesuits from Canada. We tasted the water and found it much saltier than that of the ocean. At Salina the water is boiled down, and the

salt is drained in baskets. It lay in piles, and looked like snow. In another building, we saw the immense reservoir, into which the water is forced up by steam, and from which it is conducted by pipes to Syracuse, where it is evaporated. The vats in which it is distributed at the end of this journey, are about four feet deep, and twenty wide, but of great length. They cover three hundred acres. The water in them is exposed to the sun in pleasant weather, but when it is damp or rainy movable roofs are rolled over it. This salt is coarse, but stronger and more valuable than that which is obtained by the boiling process. Nearly two millions of bushels were inspected there last year.

We give a letter to Miss McKean, describing her visit to Niagara Falls.

EAGLE HOTEL, NIAGARA FALLS, May 31, 1834.

Well, dear Charlotte, I have seen Niagara, the wonder of the world. I shall not pretend to give you a connected description of either the Falls or my feelings, yet I will not be entirely silent. We have spent three days here, and made the best use we could of our eyes and our time. Our first glimpse of the Falls was from the stage-coach, on the road from Lewiston. The driver, at a point on the road, called out, "There are the Falls." With beating hearts we

peered into the distance, and through the green woods caught a glimpse of the glittering waters and clouds of mist. We found Pres. Labaree and his wife here. Mrs. L. was a schoolmate of mine, the winter of 1828-9. She had an infant, and the next day after we arrived, I took care of it for her, that she might go with her husband, and the rest of our party to Goat Island. In the afternoon, Mr. Labaree accompanied me to the Canada side. The river seems to be boiling up from the bottom. Where the water is not scattered into foam, it is of a deep, clear, beautiful green, more bluish than grass green. Mr. Ingraham, of Boston, who accompanied us, and who has been much here, says that the color is owing to the great depth of the waters. They have never been accurately sounded with a lead and line, for the lead is carried down stream with the force of the waters, but it has been ascertained that they are more than 200 feet deep. We went to the edge of Table Rock, and then going nearer the Falls and looking back, the projecting rock on which we had been standing, seemed only a crust of a few inches thickness jutting over the gulf below. Earth and ocean seem here to be commingling in confusion. Along the shore and many feet from the verge, are deep fissures seeming to promise that huge masses will yet be precipitated into the abyss. I knelt, and

while Mr. L. held me fast by one hand, I plucked a flower from beyond the edge of the precipice as a memento of the spot.

On our return to the American side, we ascended 187 stairs, besides steep ascents between the different flights. About one third up, turning aside and proceeding a little way toward the Falls, I first experienced strong emotions of grandeur from the view. The spray is dashing cold in your face, you look up and the flood is springing from the awful cliff; below it is lost in mist which is continually rising in clouds. The sky to the southwest behind the Horseshoe Fall was deep lead-colored, but opposite, it was of a bright red, and set off the awful majesty of the scene indescribably.

The second day of our stay, we rode three or four miles down the river, to get a good view of the whirlpool. The banks of the river are 250 feet high, almost perpendicular, and well wooded where they are not bare rocks. Mr. Ingraham, who accompanied us, advised us to descend the banks and get the view from below. The descent was perilous, sometimes to be made by holding on to one young cedar until we could seize another, and at other times, we were obliged to imitate the mules on the Andes, and slide along on our feet. When we reached the margin of the river. I sat down on one of the many

rocks which have been precipitated from the cliffs above. The roar and chafing of the waters was grand. A party of men on a crag opposite looked like pigmies. Just behind us a tall cliff crowned with trees rose far above the woods on the bank. It seemed almost to make the eyes ache to look up. An eagle was sailing over us from the opposite crag. The rapids above brawl louder than those at this spot, and the rest of the party went to get a nearer view of them, while I preferred in solitude to await their return, and enjoy an hour of communion with nature. The deep green river with its snow white foam was dashed along beside me. Its spray now and then was sprinkled over me. The rapids above, the towering rocks, the waving trees, the roar of the waters, and over all the soft blue sky, made a scene delightful and soothing in the highest degree. The loved, the distant, and the dead came before me. How would my beloved sister have enjoyed it! But she has tasted better things than even this.

The ascent was as difficult as the descent. Miss G. charged the guide to advise ladies not to attempt the perilous adventure. None had ever done so before. Even now, three days after, we have not fully recovered from the fatigue.

Six of our party ventured to go behind the Great Fall. We rigged ourselves in skirts of oiled silk, jackets of yellow painted cloth, and hats painted

black. I think we must have looked like Greenlanders. After descending an almost interminable flight of steps, we walked along on rocks continually wet with the driving spray. We were told to keep our heads down, and I did so, but the wind which was strong, and the cold driving spray, made me catch my breath. We entered between the falling water and the rock. I cannot give you an idea of it. It was as if the ocean were tearing down from the sky, with the sound of ten thousand thunders. The black, ever-dripping rock rises up, up, one hundred and fifty feet; the eye is almost afraid to look up at it. The cold spray almost blinds you, the rocking wind makes you shiver. Through the awful curtain of waters you see dimly the Great Fall, the deep boiling like a pot, the opposite cliffs and woods of Goat Island, the American Fall, the ever-ascending clouds of mist obscuring the scene, and the spots of blue sky strangely shining through. It seemed difficult to believe amid that gloom that the outer world was basking in the golden sunshine. In returning, objects gradually become more distinctly visible, and as you look back, the yawning cavern, filled with mist and shaking with thunder, seems the very entrance to Tartarus. Nothing can give one a stronger impression of the power of God. I would not have missed this scene for much.

Once again under the blue sky and in the sweet sunshine, we found ourselves invigorated by the shower-bath we had taken. We went again to Table Rock, and looked over into the vast amphitheatre. The sweeping waters, the clouds of spray, the foaming of the deep, the roar, what can I say of them? I observed two sounds,—a crashing of the water, and a deeper roar, as if far inward and heavier. We went to the verge of the rushing waters, and while the gentlemen held one hand, each of us bathed the other in the water after it had made its last leap.

From the upper piazza of the Pavilion, which is on the Canada side, we took our next view. It affords a full prospect of the Falls and of the country to a great distance.

June 3d. On Saturday we left our pleasant home at Niagara and came twenty-two miles to Buffalo. On the Sabbath we rode out four miles to the Seneca mission and worshipped with the Indians. I am enjoying much, but I need your prayers that external things may not take possession of my heart. We have worshipped as a family together, and have enjoyed opportunities almost daily of being alone.

I am glad you like "Eternity Realized." I want that you should read "The Corner Stone" by Abbott.

In another letter, Miss Farley gives an account of

the visit of her party to the Mission among the Seneca Indians.

Mr. Eaton proposed our driving out four miles to the Seneca Mission and worshipping with them. We assented, and he procured two barouches, and we went thither. Several of our party were acquainted with Rev. Mr. Wright, and Rev. Mr. Bliss and Mrs. Bliss, the missionaries there. Mr. Wright's first wife was the lovely Martha Egerton, dear sister Tace's intimate friend. We found an unpainted house with everything, both within and without, in the plainest style. In the inner room, a kind of parlor, where we were received, the chimney was filled with green boughs, and a wooden seat covered with a cushion answered for a sofa.

They have a neat church painted white. The Indians came straggling in one after another. The men sat on one side, the women on the other. The women wore mantles of dark blue cloth, or white cotton, or were covered with blankets. Some wore hats, and others drew their mantles over their heads. Their dark hair, long and straight, hung over their shoulders. Rev. Mr. Bliss conducted the services. After a short and simple prayer, a hymn in the Indian language was sung. The singing was sweet and touching. The sounds of the language seem

exactly adapted to music. Before the sermon, a well-dressed, middle-aged Indian made some remarks in an impressive manner. A good-looking Indian who stood in the desk gave every sentence of the sermon in Indian, after Mr. Bliss had spoken it in English. Among his introductory remarks, duly translated, was the hope that they would take care to keep the children from crying, and that they would not be continually going out and coming in. A tub of water stood in a central place where the hearers could go and drink as often as they pleased. This device had been necessary to prevent their going out to drink. Simple gospel truth was given them in easy words. It took the interpreter much longer to translate it than it took Mr. Bliss to utter it at first. The sermon occupied an hour and a half. The interpreter was dull, at first, but gradually warmed with the subject until he became as animated as the preacher. Some of the congregation gave fixed attention, though many, I am sorry to say, did not appear very attentive. After the sermon they sang another hymn in their own smooth and sonorous tongue. Then a pious Indian prayed at length, and with great fervor. The name of Jesus was all that we could understand.

Oh, Charlotte, I do hope if it ever should be my duty to be a missionary, I should be cheerfully

willing; but one of the times when my heart is apt to rise up and say, "I don't want to," is when I think of such a contingency. The self-denials are certainly great. From friends, from the elegances of life, from sweet intelligent society, the missionary is cut off; and it is only the faith which can look beyond this transient life and compute the worth of heaven and the value of immortal souls, that can support the heart. There are some Indian converts in the mission. So the missionaries have not labored in vain. Miss B., one of our company, said that it seemed to her more like Christ to be laboring there than in any other field she had ever seen.

During Miss Grant's absence from the school at Ipswich, Miss Mary Lyon, now known as the founder of the Mt. Holyoke Seminary, conducted the school. The following letter is addressed to her.

GRANVILLE, June, 1834.

MY DEAR MISS LYON: We thought that, by this time, you would be glad to hear again from our party; and with pleasure, I undertake to give you some account of ourselves. We took the canal-boat at Cleveland, June 4. The principal passengers in the boat, besides our party and Capt. Loomis's family, were Mr. W., a merchant and pious man from Salem, Mass., and Mr. F. a young gentleman.

We had family worship in the cabin morning and evening, conducted generally by Capt. Loomis, though sometimes Mr. W. took a part. These were seasons of refreshing, more so perhaps from being unexpected. Along the first thirty-eight miles, we passed through forty-four locks, and we were twenty-three hours going that distance. There are no lock-tenders, which occasions greater delay in passing through them. The beautiful forests on each side of the canal, surpass in richness and variety any which we have before seen on our journey.

We arrived at this place on Saturday evening. On the Sabbath we attended meeting with Rev. Mr. Little's church. Their meeting-house is not large; all the woodwork is of dark wood, unpainted and clean, in the plainest style possible, exactly in correspondence with the people and the preacher. The congregation had a sober, intelligent, and attentive aspect. Mr. Little tells his people what he wants them to know, in language that no one can fail to understand. His subject on Sabbath morning was the qualifications of a good minister, and he handled it with good sense, and showed much tact and much knowledge of human nature.

On Tuesday we visited at Mr. Bancroft's. There was a moderate room, full of rather young people. The gentleman of the house, assisted by a niece,

handed the tea around in an easy and polite manner. This, you know, is not the land of servants. After tea the company sung "Daughter of Zion, awake from thy slumbers," and then at Miss G.'s suggestion, "Come, ye disconsolate," after which Rev. Mr. Little offered a prayer. Conversation was lively, easy, and sensible. We enjoyed the visit highly, and came home enlivened rather than exhausted.

On Wednesday we visited an iron-foundry. The melted iron looks like liquid fire. The men were dipping it out in ladles and pouring it into moulds of wet sand. They manufacture stoves, griddles, kettles, andirons, and the like.

On Thursday we rode out to Newark, six miles, to visit the celebrated mounds. There are four forts overgrown with woods, and seven places where there are parallel walls of earth. We first came to what may be called an observatory, a mound of stones and earth thirty feet high. Opposite this is the entrance to what is called the fort. The wall of this fort is circular, made of earth heaped up, and nearly as perpendicular as the earth could be made to lie, and about ten feet high. The land between the forts is forty feet higher than the surrounding country. All except the walls is a dead level. It would seem that the earth for constructing them, was brought from a distance. Two of the forts are exact circles,

one is very nearly an octagon; the other an exact square. Of course the builders had some knowledge of geometry. The first fort we visited includes twenty-two acres. Noble forest-trees cover, not only the inside of the forts, but the walls themselves, and some have decayed with age and fallen on the path, showing that the origin of these works is to be dated far back, how far no one can pretend to say. They show much more skill than the present race of Indians possess. No bones of the dead, or any other remains, except a few arrow-heads, have been found in them. Some suppose that they were military works of defense, others that they were pleasure grounds. But the sighing of the wind through the ancient forest is all the answer that we obtained to our inquiries. No tongue can tell what wonders may have transpired on the spot, nor who were that mysterious race whose only record left on earth is these venerable remains.

We are deeply interested in Rev. Mr. Little's Bible classes. He holds one in town on the afternoon of the Sabbath, once in two weeks the year round, and on the alternate Sabbaths he holds them in three other parts of the township. At one place he holds one for three or four months, then goes to another place for the same length of time. The class in town last year numbered one hundred and forty-five. I attended it last Sabbath. The members were atten-

tive; each one answered in turn, or else said, "I can't reply." The lesson was the third chapter of Galatians. The attention of the class and of the spectators was kept up to the end. About the middle of the exercise, as a sort of recess, they rose, at Mr. Little's request, and sung Scotland.

When Mr. Little commenced this class, all the members signed a pledge to be punctual for four recitations. Then if any wished to withdraw from the class, they did so, others joined, and a pledge to be punctual for eight recitations was given. Afterwards they pledged their attendance for one or two given books of the Bible. He employs one or two young men as secretaries, who keep a list of members, record their attendance, and inquire into the cause of absences. Last year ten of the town class were not absent once for any reason, and nineteen were absent only twice. Mr. Little pursues a similar plan with his other classes. He considers these Bible classes one of his most efficient means of doing good. He is a benevolent and laborious minister, having much knowledge of human nature, and an eminently practical turn of mind. His church has three hundred and sixty members. Forty-two were added to it the last year. We find his conversation instructive and entertaining. He is full of interesting facts.

Writing from Granville to a brother younger than herself, she says :—

We are surrounded by a rich and delightful country. Mechanics and farmers take a good stand here. Mr. Little, the minister, tells us that many of his people have more than doubled their property since he came here seven years ago. If I were a young, industrious, and enterprising mechanic, I should like to settle in Granville. The people are intelligent, thrifty, unpretending, and religious. Mr. Little is an active, benevolent, and earnest minister. I should not advise any one to settle here who had not established habits of morality and industry, but with these qualifications, and especially with the life of religion in the soul, a young man could not fail to do well. Every thing in the West is marching forward rapidly.

From Detroit, Michigan, under date of Aug. 4, 1834, she writes to her home circle :—

Detroit is a beautiful place. Fine blocks of stores, houses with generous front-yards full of flowers, and handsome gardens, make a pleasant mingling of city and country. The river here a mile wide, and clear as crystal, runs southwest. The city lies on the northwest side of the river. It is a level plain, more uniform than any we have seen, except Columbus.

Here there are inequalities toward the forests which bound our horizon, though not sufficient to be called a rolling surface, but more like a dead swell. Columbus lacks even these. A street, a mile or two in length, runs along the river side. On the shore opposite the city, the houses and intermingled green, form a fine prospect. Jefferson Avenue parallel to the river, is wide, level, and straight for three miles to Lake St. Clair. The stores and handsome dwellings are many of them on this avenue.

On First Street, near the river, on the side next to the city, are small old French houses with gardens containing peach and pear trees. Every twelve to sixteen rods is a fence. This is the width of their farms. The land runs back much farther. Generation after generation has divided the land from the street back, until the several strips are only from sixty to ninety feet in width.

The Catholics have a large church here, a bishop, several priests, and a female seminary attended by about one hundred young ladies. The different Protestant denominations have united to establish a school for girls, of a high order. At Cincinnati, I received a letter from the trustees, inviting me to take charge of this school. When we arrived here, the seminary building was not finished, and I am, on this account, obliged to defer commencing the school

three or four weeks. In the mean time, I shall probably go with Miss Grant to Mackinaw. You know how reluctant I feel to take the responsibility of a school, and every one tells me that this is a very important post, which makes me shrink from it all the more. I desire, in the first place, to be made ready and willing to do any thing and every thing to which I am called to put my hand, and then to be assisted in the doing of it by Him who giveth both wisdom and strength liberally. I would leave myself and the school in the hands of the All-Wise. Pray for me, especially, that I may learn to inquire always, not what I wish to do, but what I ought to do.

Journal, Aug. 29, 1834. I have been to Mackinaw and returned to Detroit, laden with kindness from our heavenly Father and his beloved children. As we landed here, my heart was agitated and I could not but tremble as I inwardly repeated, Who knoweth the things that shall befall me here? A voice within checked the rising tears, and I said, O my Redeemer! I will cast my anchor in thee, and with that thought came sweet peace and trust. Miss Grant passed the last night we spent together, in the same room with me. I led in our united prayer before we retired, but I was so overcome with the thought of parting that I could scarcely

speak. In the morning she prayed with me, committing her unworthy child with the most tender love into the keeping of our heavenly Father. Wilt thou, blessed Lord, keep her in all her ways, and grant that I may see her face in joy. Let me be consecrated to thy service. For what do Christians live, after their conversion, but to serve thee? After the first gush of parting was over, the Lord gave me sweet resignation to his will.

Oct. 25th. I passed the time from Aug. 29th to Oct. 6th in waiting for a room in which I could commence my school. It required patience, and it was granted. God blessed me during those weeks with more enlarged and fervent desires for usefulness than I ever had before. In prayer I drew very near to him. It was as if I knelt in his presence. The moment I commenced to speak, I was assured that my desires were heard.

TO HER MOTHER.

DETROIT, Sept. 7, 1834.

The cholera had begun to be prevalent about the time I sent my last letter. The first cases occurred a few days after we arrived in the place. Mrs. Hastings, the wife of one of the trustees of the school, was a victim. She was an amiable woman and a Christian. Her last moments were full of hap-

piness. She said to her husband in her dying hour, "I love you, I love our dear children, but I love my Saviour better."

Mr. Hastings said to Mr. C., the morning before her death, "I have passed a most blessed night." It was spent in conversation with her upon her approaching departure. Two out of twelve of the trustees have fallen victims to the disease. It is no uncommon thing to see the hearse pass by our house five times in one day. Sometimes the poor carry their dead in carts, the coffins being of rough boards. One day, twenty-seven deaths were registered; many days, from twelve to sixteen. The Catholics cover their coffins with a white cloth, when they carry them to be buried. Last Sabbath, on our way to meeting, we met two carts in succession bearing coffins covered with white. The Dutch women carry the coffins of children to the burying-ground on their heads. In many of these funerals, no one follows the body. In others, a short procession on foot, looking very unconcerned, or a few in wagons, are seen. The natural effect of so many deaths is to harden the feelings of the people.

In funerals among the higher classes, there are some customs here new to me. The minister walks or rides in front of the hearse, and when the mourners reach the grave, he thanks the people for their kindness and attention to the departed.

At the funeral of the governor of Michigan, who died just before we came here, ten or twelve clergymen walked in front of the hearse, and each one wore a scarf of white linen, three and a half yards long, fastened by black ribbons on the shoulder. The bearers had white scarfs tied around the waist, and white bands folded around the hat, and hanging down behind. These decorations are furnished by the family of the deceased person, and are retained by the persons who wear them.

Through all these trying scenes, our party has been preserved in health and composure.

I have said scarcely anything about Mackinaw. Of that lovely little isle, its high ridges, its white fort, its little village, its interesting mission, its semi-circular harbor, clear as a crystal, I cannot now tell you particularly. The arched rock on the eastern end, one hundred and fifty feet high, and fifty across, is, next to Niagara Falls, the most noble and beautiful object I have yet seen. The yellow mission-house is on the eastern side of the island. The church is neat and pretty. Mr. Schoolcraft, the Indian agent, occupies a tasteful cottage. The island is a limestone rock, covered with a scanty soil, which, however, affords wood of a low growth, raspberries and gooseberries in abundance, and yields to the hand of the gardener excellent table vegetables.

TO HER MOTHER.

DETROIT, Nov. 1, 1834.

I am beginning to think that it is time to let you hear again from your emigrant daughter.

My school commenced four weeks since. The scholars do not appear to have been accustomed to much discipline. Sometimes my heart has died within me, and I have feared I should not be able to lead them to do right. Just now I feel more courage, and hope that all will go on well. If I could commence this school in such a way as to lay the foundation of its future prosperity, I should have reason for gratitude all my life. I begin to love the scholars, and think I have acquired some influence over them. We are now in hired rooms. We expect soon to move into the new brick building which has been erected for the school. It was planned by Miss Lyon when she visited here last year, and is very convenient for its purpose.

Sometimes the wish comes up — oh, how strongly! — would that I could fly far away, and for one hour sit down with my dear father and mother in our little parlor. A vision comes before me of you in your rocking-chair, looking so calm and placid, and of father on the other side of the fireplace. When shall I see you? How glad am I to hear that you are both well.

If you knew, my dear mother, how comforting and delightful it was to me to receive a few words from you, I think you would write to me again. Give my best love to my dear father. May Heaven's choicest blessings rest upon you both.

Kiss that dear little baby for me. Tell Amy to remember that she has the making or marring of that dear child. If she brings him up to be obedient, to tell the truth, and to govern himself, she cannot fail to give the world a blessing. I have been very much interested in Abbott's "Mother at Home" and "Child at Home." I want Amy and all other young mothers should read the first. It cannot fail to help them in their great work.

Mrs. Gen. Larned, whose husband was cut down last summer, by the cholera, has invited me to pass the winter with her. It is a family distinguished for refinement and cultivation. I thank a kind Providence for giving me such a home. I expect to remove there next week.

TO HER SISTER LUCY.

DETROIT, April 3, 1835.

I trust in the course of two months, and even less, to be with you, my dear sister. The hand of Providence led me here, and the same hand now seems to make the way plain for me to return. It was pro-

posed to me to take charge of the school for a year. But I thought I could not undertake the entire responsibility, and declined. I have succeeded, equal to my hopes. The pupils have improved; some of them are excellent scholars. I hope that the person who next takes charge of the school will be a devoted servant of God, and do justice to their souls as well as their minds. I desire to feel that I am in the hands of our heavenly Father, that he may do with me whatsoever he will. O Lucy, if we could be so subdued as to have no will but God's, we should be happy creatures.

CHAPTER IX.

Further Labors at Ipswich— Visit to Mt. Hope — Removal to Alabama.

As is intimated in the last chapter, Miss Farley left Detroit in the spring of 1835. She returned to Ipswich, and engaged again as a teacher in the seminary which was so long the home of her heart. The cultivated ladies who gathered there to receive instruction from Miss Grant and her coadjutors, were the very persons whom Miss Farley most enjoyed teaching, and who could best appreciate her. She taught three or four hours only each day, preferring to spend much of her time in preparing for what most teachers would consider but ordinary recitations. She went to her classes full. She poured forth things new and old. She studied the history of the United States, until its events were painted to her mind's eye as on the imperishable canvas. She was as familiar with many of its details as Bancroft. Her reverence and her ideality clothed the past, the departed, and the absent, in unfading and lifelike beauty. In botany, she was as much at home as a

professor. Her religious instruction was simple, rich, and biblical. It was a feast to listen to the utterance of the thoughts on practical and devotional subjects on which she fed daily.

Her life at Ipswich was quiet and happy. The following extracts from her letters to her most intimate friend give us a picture of it.

IPSWICH, Dec. 25, 1835.

MY DEAR FRIEND CHARLOTTE: I want to hear from you, to know the thoughts of your heart, and what you are doing. I doubt not you are doing good. I believe you love to forget yourself, to assist others. But it seems to me, more and more, that I am thoroughly selfish. Can one who has so little of the temper of Christ, be indeed born of the Spirit? I feel the weight of the chains that bind me, and my ardent desire is to be set free, to be brought into the glorious liberty of the children of God; a liberty which is a free, happy, faithful service.

Have you seen six sermons on holiness, by Edward Beecher, first published last summer in the National Preacher, but now stereotyped? He says, "Nothing is wanting but a state of mind which will render it impossible to be happy, whatever else Christians may have, till the world is converted to God," and the work will be accomplished. I want

to feel this ardent desire, that I may not live out my days an unprofitable servant. It is a privilege to live, if we live to God. If we could do no good, it would be far better to depart and be with Christ. I need to feel the worth of life more. Pray for me, dear C., that I may not love the world, or the things of the world, inordinately. Have we not great encouragement to look for an answer to prayer, both from the examples in the Bible and from the exceeding great and precious promises? "Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, I will do it for you," has been much in my mind of late, and I have seen that I need not lack any good thing for which I would come to the throne of grace; and our prayers for spiritual blessings for our friends shall surely never be in vain. Pray that I may be holy and benevolent, like the blessed Saviour.

Our school is very pleasant. I enjoy the society of scholars and teachers. Some of the latter are very social. I have been taking lessons in mezzotinto drawing of Miss Read, one of the teachers. Have you seen any specimens of this style? They look like paintings in India ink, but this is much quicker, and it is peculiarly suitable for buildings, and when well done is neat and pretty. I have devoted every stormy day and leisure hour to it. I have finished ten pieces. It furnishes a pleasant

relaxation, without consuming so exorbitant an amount of time as the old way. If you will come up, I shall be happy to give you some lessons.

The weekly meeting of our Sabbath school teachers is held at Miss Manning's, by her request. I conduct this meeting, but have for the present resigned my class in the Sabbath school.

The meeting referred to above was of the female teachers of the Sabbath school, and Miss Farley took charge of it by their united request, and conducted it to the edification of all. She had been for many years a teacher in the school, and was scarcely ever absent from her class, and never failed to give to the lesson much close and careful study. She revered and loved the word of God, and went to it for food and for guidance.

A month later than the last date, she writes to Miss M. :—

I am just now much interested in reading Henry Martyn's life. If a heavenly spirit ever animated a human body, his was one. I can only admire his fullness of love, his devotion to his Saviour; I cannot sympathize, but only be humbled. Yet I trust it has awakened a desire for a nearer likeness.

Two months later, writing to the same beloved friend, she says:—

Dr. Muzzey, of Hanover, N. H. has been spending a week here, addressing us two or three times a day on Physiology, and we have read on the subject at the same time. Though we do not feel that we are learned doctors, yet we do feel that we have gained knowledge which may be valuable to us. He gave us much good advice respecting eating and drinking. He thinks that anatomy reveals the doctrine, that man was designed, not to eat flesh, but to live on fruits and grains, and that this mode of living, alone, is in accordance with God's design and will. He is in favor of the simplest diet, such as potatoes, bread, milk, and fruits. He adheres himself strictly to his own theory. He gave numerous cases of persons recovering from disease by the use of a strict regimen, and adduced many instances of persons of great physical strength and long life, who made use of vegetable food alone. He is decidedly averse to the use of tea and coffee, or anything so stimulating. Coarse breads, he says, are more healthful than fine.

We liked Dr. Muzzey as a man, as well as a lecturer. He boarded with us, which gave us opportunity to get well acquainted with him. He is very social and agreeable. To those who came to him for medical advice, he recommended two things;

first, to leave off tea, coffee, meat, and all stimulants; second, to bathe every morning in cold water.

Have you seen Geo. Combe on the Constitution of Man? I have been reading it lately. He takes the ground that all physical suffering is the consequence of some previous violation of some organic law of our bodies either in us or our ancestors, and that the observance of these laws tends to health. During the week's recess of school, which we have just had, I meant to have written letters, spent a day or two in Salem, &c; but I had a severe cold from breaking the law not to wet my feet, and had to stay at home the whole week to get well. I painted in mezzotinto, though, most of the time.

Would you have thought that fifty-six teachers have gone out from our school into the valley of the Mississippi since 1830? I had not thought so many had gone, but thousands, instead of units, are needed there.

A few weeks since we established a society in school for the promotion of useful knowledge. The members read papers on different subjects. We have had an account of the convent of Notre Dame in Montreal, by a young lady who spent several months in a convent-school near that city. One paper gave the history of the present Seminole war; another gave an account of the Ceylon mission.

Whoever writes these papers, we try to procure good readers for them. The care of this, and the general direction of the meetings of the society devolve upon the directors, of whom I am one. The young ladies are very much engaged in the society. We hope it may lead them to more ardent desires and fuller purposes to do good in the world. At our last meeting we had a paper on Liberia, the mission to Cape Palmas, with an account of Ashmun and Mills. I enjoyed this highly. An account of India was also presented. Our president is Miss Lord, one of the teachers who is expecting to go to India as a missionary. She was sick and did not attend.

The religious state of our school at present is encouraging. Almost all who are not professors of religion attend a meeting which is appointed for such as desire to receive instruction as to the way of salvation. Some, we hope, have passed from death to life, have chosen God as their portion, and his service for their employment. I am unworthy to labor in this field. I continually dishonor my Saviour by levity and indolence. Pray that I may be baptized by the Holy Spirit, walk near to Christ, and give up earthly desires.

We pass next to her touching record of the sickness and death of her honored and revered father.

May 8, 1836. God has visited me and the rest of our family by taking away our aged and infirm father. This event we have foreseen could not be very distant, yet the visits of the king of terrors, even when they are not unexpected, are awful. Even now, although it is more than a month since he was laid in the bosom of the earth, it does not seem a reality that we can no more have the privilege of ministering to his wants, or that he has gone indeed, from among the living to the narrow house, no more to come back. The last year has been to him one of suffering.

It was on the 30th of March that he took his bed, and those about him felt then that the hand of death was probably laid upon him. He continued to grow sicker and weaker every hour. After three o'clock in the afternoon of April 3d, he declined entirely to receive nourishment. He had not spoken during the twenty-four hours preceding, and we knew of course that the hour of mortal agony was drawing on apace. Towards night of the 3d, his breathing became harder and his limbs cold. The doctor, on leaving the house that evening, observed that he would not much longer be an object of anxiety to any one. I sat in his chamber nearly all that evening. His breathing was distressingly quick and difficult. It was agonizing to hear it.

Every breath seemed to take hold of my heart. Nearly all the evening and the early part of the night, I was in an agony of mental prayer for his soul's salvation. I knew that God was almighty and all-merciful, and to these attributes I clung. My distress was great. I gained relief by going into the front chamber and sitting there with my mother and other members of the family. Then I returned to the chamber of death, and renewed my silent supplications. I prayed also for myself, that God would support my sinking soul, that he would enable me to commit to his righteous hands the soul of my departing parent, and that he would give me the submission of a child before him, because he did it.

About eleven o'clock I looked at him, and his countenance was then very sunken, and his eyes were closed. I apprehended that the moment of the final separation had come. I was in a sort of nervous agony. My head ached intensely and I left the room. At the urgent request of the attendants, my sister and myself went to an upper room about midnight, and threw our wearied bodies upon a bed, and, strange to say, we fell asleep, and were lost to consciousness for nearly two hours. At two, they called us to witness the last struggle, but he was gone before we reached his side.

We entered the chamber of death. There lay

our aged parent, pale and still, never more to waken below. Yet my previous anguish was so great, that it was a kind of relief to know that he was indeed gone. Through the remainder of that dreadful night, I sat in the front chamber. I was calm. It seemed to me that my dear Saviour had heard the voice of his unworthy child. I thought I could trust my father to the mercy of a perfectly righteous God, and the thought of my soul was, "He doeth all things well."

Sometimes I fear I have not done my duty in praying for my father. Lord Jesus! wash my soul from this sin in thy atoning blood. I fear I have not yet found out what God would have me learn from this dispensation.

On Tuesday, P. M., I was in the chamber alone with the pale clay of that beloved parent. I had been looking at that pleasant and venerable countenance with a friend. After she left the room, I knelt down and solemnly consecrated myself to God anew, to be his entirely, to do all his will. On Thursday, the day of his interment, I renewed those vows, bending over his coffin. Have I so soon forgotten? I have trifled since. Oh! let me be holy. Make me, blessed Saviour, entirely thine. Help me to keep his death in mind, and to be faithful to the living.

On the night of the Sabbath after this, died my

dear friend and sister, (so she called me,) Martha Lord. Let me emulate her love to Christ, and to souls! Lord, fit me for thyself! I hate my distance from thee!—my worldliness, my impurity, my pride! Give me the victory over every sin, through my divine Saviour, and fit me for service on earth, and for service in heaven.

Sabbath Eve, May 8, 1836.

In the autumn of 1836, Miss Farley passed a few weeks in visiting Taunton, Bristol, and some other towns in the eastern part of Massachusetts.

From Bristol, she wrote:—

The beauty of the scenery, especially the view from Mt. Hope, is exquisite. This, you know, is the ancient seat of the famous Indian hero, King Philip. It is included in what is called the Mt. Hope farm, a fine estate owned by the De Wolfs, a family of German extraction, who have been very successful in commerce.

Rev. Mr. Shepherd, a friend of Miss Grant, in whose family we are made welcome guests, drove with us to Mt. Hope. A part of the grounds lie in their natural wildness, beautifully wooded with beech, oak, hickory, &c. As we walked and rode over these rough hills and among these shady groves,

we felt how fair was the heritage which the undaunted Philip, with savage valor, sought to retain. Rocks are scattered about in great profusion. The life-everlasting with which the hill abounds, as our feet pressed it, gave forth a delicious perfume. A summer-house crowns the summit. It is elevated on a stone foundation, but we climbed into it. Aside from the rich historical associations, we were paid for our toil and trouble by the extent and beauty of the view. Mt. Hope Bay, washing the peninsula on which Bristol stands, lay at our feet. Beyond, lay Rhode Island, the garden of New England; on another side, Fall River; in yet another direction, Greenwich; and Bristol itself looked finely from this observatory. The sun had veiled his face, and the scene with its recollections was more in accordance with the sere leaf and the sombre sky, than it would have been with the soft brightness of a summer day.

A little down the hill, and only a few rods from the water, is a perpendicular rock, known as Philip's Seat. It is composed mostly of quartz, and covered with green and velvety moss. A few shrubs grow out from the sides. The rock, rising about forty feet, extends some distance on the ground. A hollow in it, large enough for a man to stretch himself, is said to have served the old hero for a resting-

place. A spring in front of it, is called to this day Philip's Spring. The very spot between the rock and the shore was pointed out to us, where the old hero was shot by the treacherous Indian. Perhaps, thought I, the triumphant soldiers dragged their lifeless foe over the ground on which my feet are now standing, as they conveyed him to the place where he was beheaded and butchered.

"Who now shall lead your scattered children forth," O ye devoted race. Since the memorable day when your brave defender fell, ye have been vanishing like the mist of the morning. Who wonders that these fair fields, then your broad hunting-grounds, were dear to you? Now, even the rocks which shaded your wigwams are passing away and giving place to another race.

In visiting Mt. Hope, I have accomplished one of the most ardent desires of bygone years, of those earlier days when I so enthusiastically studied the history of our own country. I gathered as a memorial of my visit, some of the purple star-flowers, the life-everlasting, and the yarrow, which grew upon the hill, along with a piece of the rock which I broke from Philip's Seat,—mementos which will long remind me of my visit to Mt. Hope and Bristol.

One object of interest in the village is the house built by Capt. Church, the captor of Philip. It is

of one story, and very ancient in appearance. The chimney is of stone, finished with brick. Many of Capt. Church's descendants still live here. The town was settled by the English in 1676, immediately after its conquest by Church. The first religious society was organized in 1687. More than a hundred years after its settlement, during the war of the Revolution, the town was taken by the British, and many of the inhabitants were obliged them to flee to the back country.

The day, Oct. 15, 1836, on which Miss Farley was visiting, with so much delight, this spot so memorable in our colonial history, another individual was embarking on board a vessel, bidding farewell to parents, friends, and native land, and starting on a voyage for the land of promise, in the hope of mending the condition of himself and his family friends. It was a young man who had little to bring, save the books and clothes which had been presented to him by his employers on the other side of the Atlantic. His treasures were mostly within, good health, good courage, great energy, power of endurance, a business education, industrious habits, and a will to work. He left the old country against the remonstrances of his parents, determined to make a home for himself and for them in the new world. While

Miss Farley was revelling on the camp grounds of Philip, admiring the old; her future companion, Mr. Thomas Maxwell, afire with manly zeal and aspirations, and sick of seeing the many dependent on the few, was sailing away from a land rich in storied antiquity, to carve for himself a fortune on this Western continent. God was sending to these shores a man who should appreciate her refinement, her good sense, her enlarged mind; and who would meet the thirst for human love which never fails to be pent up in a broad and susceptible soul. God made them for one another, kept them for one another, and in his own good time brought them out of the clefts in which they were hidden, — to be the light and joy of each other's eyes and hearts.

The following extracts from a letter of Miss Grant show the high value in which, at this time; she held Miss Farley's character and services; and the position which she gave her in the school at Ipswich.

WORCESTER, Aug. 16, 1837.

For many years, my dear Miss Farley, I have been laboring to have you prepared to take charge of Bible lessons, devotional exercises, religious meetings, the most important studies, and some of the ornamental branches, in our school.

Your progress has been onward, until you have

attained the point I have so long been anticipating. As you are not peculiarly fitted to take complicated cares and manage difficult scholars, I have not of late directed my efforts for your improvement to this end. I have supposed you could excel altogether more in those things which I have mentioned, and by giving your principal attention to them could be altogether more useful.

For a long time, you know, you have devoted a part of almost every year to study and preparation for future labors. My mind has always been fixed upon the idea that these labors would centre in our school.

Your connection with me, while you can be happy in that relation, I deem exceedingly desirable, both for our school and for my usefulness. You have the respect and confidence of our scholars, as generally as any teacher that has ever been connected with the school.

While I must be absent, I see not how the school can be sustained without you: and when I become able to return, I shall be much more likely to fail again soon if you are not there. I know you well; I highly prize your general excellences of character, and your particular talents. The weaker points of your character, I can cheerfully bear and try to conceal, in some good measure as I would my own,

or as I would have you do in relation to myself. I want you to remain with me as long as I continue to teach. If I must be absent so long as to render it necessary to have my title given to others, Miss S. C. Farley and Miss S. Foote would be denominated Associate Principals.

I never expect *you* to take the responsibility of arrangements in our school: in addition to your present department, it is more than almost any lady could sustain. But the one who takes your department when I am absent, will always have as high an official standing as any other executive officer.

I have presented this whole matter, I believe, exactly as it stands in my own mind. Now if you can sincerely say you prefer to remain with me, I shall rejoice, and, I trust, be grateful. Should I ever remove my school, I want to depend on your going wherever I may go. The Lord be with you and guide you evermore.

Those who from personal acquaintance knew Miss Grant's just discrimination of talent and character, and the reserve and caution which she exercises in expressing to her friends her appreciation of their characters, can realize how valuable was this tribute to our departed friend. Miss Grant felt that, on her strong points, Miss Farley had scarcely a superior

among her circle of literary friends and pupils. One of Miss Farley's most prominent weaknesses was an undue fear of herself, a despair of accomplishing that of which all her friends knew her to be capable, and this letter was intended in part to cheer and encourage her under this sense of her own inabilities and shortcomings. Had her hopefulness and courage been equal to her abilities, she would have been a happier, and, possibly, a more successful teacher.

TO MISS M'KEAN.

IPSWICH, Dec. 10, 1838.

I will very honestly, dear Charlotte, set down my date now, though I dare say it may be a week before this epistle draws to its close. I am now in the school-room. I have the care of a composition class, who write an hour nearly every day, and this time, when not devoted to the class, I take to write letters.

I do not know when I have enjoyed evenings in term time, as I have lately. Mother, Lucy, and I sit quietly, and one of us reads aloud, almost every night. I have no lessons which require preparation now, except Butler's Analogy, and Bible lessons.

We have read Shakspeare's Characters, in "Characteristics of Women," and Shakspeare himself, a

Universal History, which is rather apt to be laid aside for more attractive metal. Lately, Carlyle's Miscellanies have engaged us. The first volume I have finished once. I have found it delightful reading; much of it amusing, and affording also a noble entertainment for higher faculties than mirthfulness. Does not Carlyle himself resemble strongly some of those he describes, Richter, for instance, in having a heart abounding with the milk of human kindness, a love for all beings and things? Is not his style strongly German? I seem to see a marked resemblance between his manner and those translations from German interspersed through the Reviews. I do not know when I have had such entertainment for my evenings. Lucy and mother, too, seem to enjoy the social reading. Does not Carlyle penetrate farther into the depths of the spirit than other men? Wonderful and moving thoughts does he reveal to us. I want to read other works of his, and some translations of those authors of whom he writes. I hope to be better, as well as happier, for becoming acquainted with such a mind. He has thrown new light on the philosophy of human life and happiness; strange that we should be so slow to learn. When shall we attain a mind in harmony with itself, its conditions, and the universe? Is not such a thing possible? Is it strange that one who has a Chris-

tian's hope should ask? A will in unison with the supreme will, no doubt, includes all,—but do not things come in here, not commonly reckoned under the head of religion?—a heart open to all legitimate sources of enjoyment.

Miss Grant is just now talking to the scholars, and is upon the irreverence of the present age. She approves of children saying, Yes sir, and No sir, Yes ma'am, and No ma'am, to their superiors, and others besides children too.

We are just finishing Butler; the young ladies have studied quite well, and been much interested. I know of nothing in the way of study which they enjoy more. One young lady observed to me to day, that she really hoped she should be better for studying it; it seemed to have opened to her mind clearer views of the design of the circumstances in which she was placed, and to make her feel more deeply her obligations to improve herself. The fifth chapter she found peculiarly interesting. I was much pleased, for in her character, the intellectual powers are strong, and predominate over the moral, and I was glad to see an arousing of these last. For my next studies I take Whately's Rhetoric and Paley's Natural Theology. I am afraid when I have these lessons to prepare, I shall not have so much time in the evening to read. If I can get through with

these fascinating Miscellanies, I shall not so much care.

I enjoy our school this winter more than for a long time. It seems so good to have Miss Grant to look up the scholars, and make them behave well. She is in school almost every day.

Do you, dear friend, enjoy communion with God as with a Father? May we not do so, and find from day to day a settled peace? I have sometimes glimpses of the truth of this, but yet am far from living so as to feel a sense of self-approbation and a consciousness of approval from the Father of our spirits. Dear friend, let us remind each other of our duties and privileges. Surely there is something to be attained, which I, at least, know not by experience. .

Miss Farley remained with Miss Grant until the spring of 1839, when the school at Ipswich went into other hands. She was invited by the trustees to continue in the school and share with others the cares and honors of its continuance. With a natural shrinking from such burdens, and from following in the footsteps of one so able and so distinguished, and with a deep consciousness that her power lay far more in imparting instruction than in managing an institution, she entirely declined to accept their invitation. She was not long without offers of situa-

tions. One came from Georgia, one from Virginia, and one from Alabama. She inclined towards the last, and while the question of accepting it was pending, Miss Grant wrote her the following letter which was found after her death, among her most treasured papers.

MY DEAR MISS FARLEY: As the case appears, I think rather favorably of your going to Tuscaloosa.

Mr. and Mrs. Williams continuing to do what they have since Miss Brooks left, I think you might succeed well, and would probably do better than any one else whom they could obtain. Your superior skill in teaching the higher branches would turn to great account and be highly valued.

On the whole, under the circumstances as stated in your last, I think the hazard of your attempting to fill the station will be no greater than what is common in our attempts to do good.

Your personal dignity, when you do not allow yourself to find fault, and the respect which you command from cultivated young ladies, will be qualifications of great value.

When you are out of school, you can make it your object to be sociable with your pupils, and you can try to love them all so much as not to dwell on their naughtiness, only with an earnest desire and endeavor to aid them in freeing themselves from it.

The comparison with former teachers—(with such arrangements as they propose)—I should not fear. In some respects it would be in your favor.

Should you go to Alabama by land, it will be best for you to take as little baggage as possible. I think you should not take more than two trunks, and a bag for your cloak and night-clothes. Should you take more, the care which you will have in consequence will be so great that you would rather give them away than have the trouble of them. Besides, the swearing they would occasion, would distress you, as you would consider yourself the tempter.

I think Miss —— has made a mistake in declining to go to Tuscaloosa on the ground that the salary is not sufficiently large. What was offered to her was as much as was received the first year by those who have gone out from our Seminary to the South and West; probably as much as she would be likely to receive in any situation she will be able to command.

By the advantages she would there enjoy, she might gain as much improvement in one year, as she could by attending any school in New England that length of time. Is it too late for her to go now?

On the receipt of your letter of the 12th, my heart yearned over you. I felt, too, as if a sister was to leave me, and a sister that I could ill spare. For some time I had been flattering myself that you might

spend a part of the winter with me. I had even anticipated much enjoyment in mutual sympathy, society, reading, and Christian fellowship. How I wish I could aid you on your departure, at least with my sympathy!

I hope you will be sustained by Him who has promised that he will never leave nor forsake you. I trust your Saviour will be near you and give you a sweet sense of his presence.

What a privilege that you can so labor as to be a blessing to the world.

Give thanks daily for what God has done for you, and for what he has enabled you to do for others. Let your gratitude flow forth, that he still permits you to labor to save the lost, that he employs you in advancing his cause, and makes you a willing co-worker with himself. On your journey, constantly give thanks for daily, for *hourly* blessings. Dwell much on the mercy of God, on the atoning love of Christ, on the purifying influences of the Holy Spirit, and on a universal overruling Providence. Rejoice that your times are in his hands.

Try to promote the happiness of your fellow-travellers. By your cheerfulness, lighten the burden of your protector. Beware and not disobey God, by fainting under your trials.

It would be trying to my feelings not to see you

again before you leave. I do not know that I have anything of consequence to say to you further ; still I long to see you. Come to Dedham, where I shall remain for the present, and stay as long as you can.

I hope, in future life, we shall not always be separated. Much love to your mother and sisters, and to Miss Hall. You should make arrangements to stay at the South two winters.

Amid many fears and misgivings, Miss Farley left her Ipswich home, and went to Tuskaloosa to assist Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Williams in the female seminary there. She made the journey by land, arriving at Tuskaloosa in the early part of November, and entering immediately upon her duties in school. From this time, Alabama became her residence. With the exception of one visit to England, and two short visits to her early home, her lot, for the remainder of her days, was cast in the Sunny South.

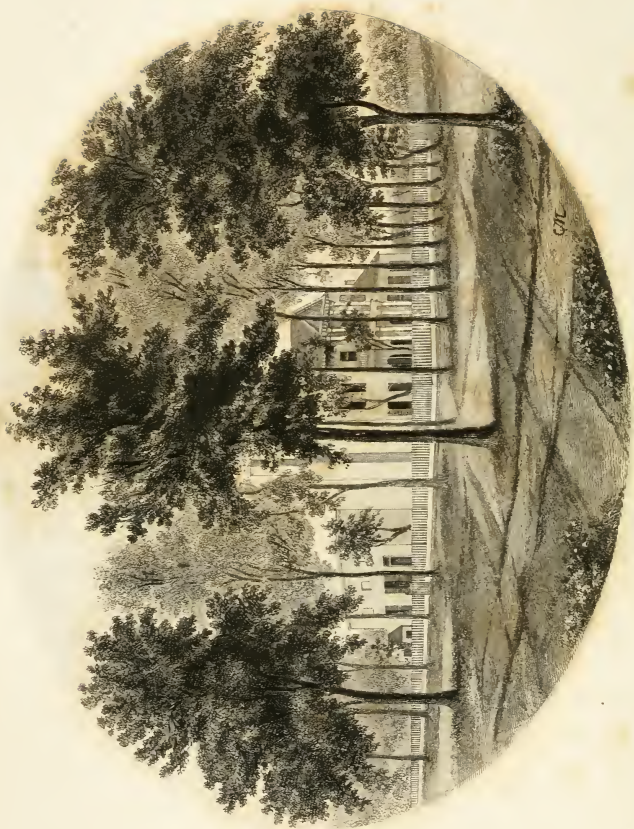
CHAPTER X.

Her Life as a Teacher in Tuskaloosa — Longings for Rest — Journey to Gainesville — Letters to Friends.

ON arriving in Tuskaloosa, Miss Farley immediately engaged with her whole heart in the business of instruction. Miss Emily Williams, a sister of the principal, a teacher in the school, had been a member of the Ipswich school. To her Miss Farley soon became tenderly attached, and frequent reference to her occurs in her journal. We give her life at T. in her own truthful and simple words.

JOURNAL. Tuskaloosa, Dec. 25, 1839. May this returning anniversary remind me of the love of Christ, and silently call to me to live for eternity.

This evening we have met a party of our young ladies in No. 7; all seemed to enjoy it. C. W. suggested our looking forward and imagining what would be our situation at this time, next year. Let me thus do in the secret silence of my own chamber, remembering that the next Christmas sun may shine on my grave, and on the graves of others of this merry



group. C. W. will probably be pursuing his usual course at Marion, and S. his studies at Tuskaloosa. Miss W. will probably have taken the great step in a woman's life. Miss Emily will be at C. Miss., with her friends, and L. M. here. I should not be surprised if Miss G. and Miss —— should have assumed the sacred vow, such changes are so common here. Where, then, shall I be? Probably as I am now, and in this very place. The will of the Lord be done. May I be more holy, more weaned from the world, more freed from vain wishes than I am now. To thee, O God, I commend myself. I would seek this coming year the indwelling of the Holy Spirit. This was my special prayer at the commencement of the year that is just closing, and has been my petition very frequently since. It is a comfort to know that God orders all, even the minutest circumstances of our lives, with reference to our tempers, feelings, and characters. All is suited to give us just the discipline we need. He has seen fit to deny my dearest wishes, but I know he has wise and good reasons, and may I say from the heart, "Thy will be done."

Dec. 31. To-night Mr. —— said something to me which was very trying. God gave me grace to bear and forbear. Emily W. left to-day for Columbus. My heart mourns her loss and cries for her sympathy.

May God make good to me his precious promise, "As thy days, so shall thy strength be."

Jan. 5, 1840. Yesterday I received the sorrowful tidings of the death of my dear brother Henry. My heart melts under this stroke. Alas! for the desolate widow, the fatherless children, and the mother bereaved. In our family how has God cut down the oldest, the promising, the staff and the stay! As our earthly hopes vanish, may we learn to give up our vain wishes, to live for the salvation of souls, and to set our hearts on nothing so much as making others happy. In the ordinance of the Supper this day, my Saviour drew near and gave me comfort in my affliction.

Prof. W. and his daughter took tea with us. My heart melted in his prayer. He seems more like a friend than almost any one I have met here, and he knows what sore afflictions mean. He expects to leave to-morrow for Cuba. May God go with him. It is a pleasure to anticipate meeting such persons in heaven.

Jan. 12. My soul turns towards home where my dear mother is in grief, and towards Texas where are the desolate widow and the fatherless children of my dear deceased brother. The portion for to-day in

Jay's exercises seemed sent to me: "Why am I not allowed to enter the region of purity and peace? Because your principles are to be tried and exemplified; because you are to serve your generation by the will of God."

Jan. 18. To-day wrote to brother Thomas and brother James, and afterwards had the delightful pleasure of receiving letters from John and Mary Ann, and another from beloved Miss Grant and L. Lord. May I love Thee and these more, and serve thee better in doing good to these scholars. While I stay here, may I labor to save the lost, and so be able to carry away a good conscience.

Jan. 22. I fear that my thoughts are too much engrossed in worldly things. I desire to be like my Saviour in his benevolence. May I be assisted not to mention anything wrong in others, unless it be a plain duty. The scholars have done well to-day. Help me to be content in this situation until Thou shalt change it. I would crucify my desires for earthly good. I have sometimes been disposed to complain because I have received so little attention while in this strange land. I would realize, O Lord, that the friendship of a few who love thee, is better than the favor of many who love thee not; and if thy children

neglect me, let me not lose my love for them, but rather charge myself to be careful that I never, in similar circumstances, selfishly or thoughtlessly follow their example.

Jan. 28. Sometimes I am ready to faint in school from the want of order among the scholars. They seem to be utterly destitute of reverence. I need an inexhaustible supply of patience.

After tea, this evening, Mrs. W. played and sung the "Pilgrim Fathers." My heart filled with love for my own, my native land. I thank God that I was born and have lived on the rocky coast of New England. May I never forget my birthright, or cease to be counted a child of that dear native home. The skies of the South are sunny, and her spring and summer are luxuriant in beauty; but what to me are these compared with those green hills and valleys, where life and thought flowed so long into my soul. May the Spirit, which animated the pilgrims, descend into my soul, and prepare it for blessedness here and hereafter.

Jan. 29. To-day has been a white day in my calendar. I asked the Lord in the morning that I might be kept from irritation, and he graciously heard and answered my prayer. I bless him for all his good

gifts. I read to the school a portion of the 119th Psalm, and spoke of the Scriptures, and of the endless life they opened; and though at some moments my faithless heart sunk almost in despair of interesting them, yet they did become attentive. .

Jan. 30. To-day the scholars have not done well. My heart is discouraged. It seems as if I could not love these children, and did not want to wear out my life for them. Why has God led me by so thorny a path? But I remember the way in which he has led me for years. Desired blessings have been withheld, yet I can see, even now, a meaning in the withholding. Methinks the discipline has taken some effect. Oh that it might be more efficacious! This verse draws me near to my Saviour: "Casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you." May he make me willing to take suffering for my daily portion, if he so appoint, that I may be made meet to be a partaker of the inheritance of the saints in light. I am indeed a stranger in a strange land, and I would not too earnestly desire the attentions, or even the kindness of this people, but draw near to God for solace and love, and employ my time and thoughts in doing good to their children.

Feb. 1. This has been a snowy day. It was good

to see the beautiful white flakes. I was transported in imagination to New England. I had many thoughts of home, some foolish thoughts, and some also of the goodness of God. Sometimes I am in despair of doing these children good, and then again my courage rises.

Feb. 4. Not so comfortable a day in school as yesterday. My own frame of mind needs watching. Before tea I went in to see old Aunt Jenney. She was sick and had her eyes bound up; said she desired to be ready for her Lord.

Miss — has been in high spirits to-day. She likes to tease a little. To-night she suddenly altered her mind about going to a party, and went, and I was left alone. I felt sad. I know I am not worthy to be loved and sought after, and I think I do prefer being neglected by the fashionable and gay, yet I could not but weep much when on my knees before God. Will he forgive all my wrong feelings? He knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust. May he teach me to love others without selfishness, and to return good for evil. This friend has been injured by admiration, and I should, in all my thoughts and judgments, make allowances for her past self-indulgence and her natural thoughtlessness. To-night I long to flee away and be at rest. Oh for heaven!

Perhaps next summer may be my last on earth. I look forward with dread. Why not with hope? Last night in my dreams I was with my long-lost sister Tace. Dear Lord, bless my beloved friends far away.

Feb. 9. This day Mr. Scott, from Nashville, Tenn.,* the candidate for settlement in this church, preached. He seems like a good man. May God do good to this people. This afternoon I have been reading the *Missionary Herald*. Dear, dear missionaries, how I love many of them. Oh that I had been counted worthy! Hush all murmuring thoughts. Rather let me strive to fulfil my calling, and to pray for those who have thus honored their Lord, and hope to meet them in heaven. Work I not for the same Master? Oh, sad heart, turn wholly to thy God.

To-night I was sorely tried by the impertinence of a scholar. As I talked with her, my voice gave way and I wept. She appeared somewhat penitent. Lord, give me patience.

Feb. 10. Rather a sad day. The young ladies were unprepared and inattentive at the Bible exercise this morning. I felt ready to weep. Also Mr. — hurt

* The Rev. Dr. Scott, since of New Orleans and San Francisco.

my feelings, though I now think he did not mean to do so. I went to my room, glad of an opportunity to be alone with God. My soul melted before him. He comforted me with this word, "The Lord is good, and ready to forgive;" and with this, "In the day of my trouble I will call upon thee, for thou wilt answer me." When shall I be sufficiently disciplined, and taken hence? Oh, that I might find a daily and a heavenly nearness to my God in this world, be delivered from vain and profitless *dreams*, and be able to keep a conscience void of offence. Shall I ever love these scholars as Jesus loves them?

Feb. 13. Attended the prayer meeting. During the meeting my heart was tender. My thoughts fastened on the question,—Is there in the wide and desolate world a well of living water where my soul may drink and thirst no more? Mr. Scott spoke of the relation of faith and grace. All is of grace, and yet it is by faith we apprehend and receive spiritual blessings. I cannot help thinking this is the man for this people. Miss Giles tells me that she heard him say, that Gen. Jackson, who was a member of his church in Nashville, always came to the communion-table with streaming eyes, and that he gave satisfactory evidence of his humility, devotion, and discipleship.

Feb. 16. It has been communion-day. My soul met her Saviour. I felt that though I was a stranger, he was near, and I besought him to bind my willing heart for ever to his blessed service, and to accept the renewal of my vows to live to him. At prayers, this evening, we sung "Welcome, welcome, dear Redeemer." The words, "Thine entirely, through eternal ages thine," were very sweet to me.

To-day is my birthday. May the coming year witness my growth in grace, my increasing preparation for heaven. What antidote has heaven for vain thoughts? I am ashamed of them, yet sometimes yield to them. Surely I am old enough, and have known disappointment enough, to wean me from air-castles, and drive me to God.

Feb. 29. This morning my heart reverted to my being so little beloved, but looking forward to eternity, and catching a glimpse of the glories beyond, I thought, if God would only prepare me for himself, and enable me to do good to his creatures on earth, I would cheerfully leave all these things to his disposal.

March 9. These lilacs, these roses, and these other flowers, so profusely scattered around me, breathe of youth and home. My sister, my love, when shall I

come to thee? I am weary of this world. My heart longs to go where thou art, and dwell with our Saviour in a world of perfect love and perfect peace.

March 24. Will the vision of my imagination ever be realized; a quiet cottage home, where I can contribute to the happiness of mother and sister and dear friend Charlotte, and have a choice library for evening reading, and pursue always some interesting study, and do good to the people around me, — after I may have earned this quiet by more active and self-denying labors? Would it be right to take such a privilege, should it be offered to me? It seems to me I am not fitted always to teach. Lord, direct my ways.

April 9. I have just come in from prayer meeting. My thoughts and my affections wander away from God. Would that I might walk as a stranger here below, taking that amount and that kind of interest in the things of this world, which a benevolent angel from the courts above would take. I lay my body down to rest. Oh, that while the body reposes in slumber, my spirit might go as on wings to the better world, and there behold my dear departed sister, wash in the fountain that cleanses from sin, and quaff large draughts of joy and life from God, the infinite ocean

of blessedness. Then should I awake in the morning, strengthened to contend with foes within and foes without, and, after waiting my appointed time, and doing what I could to make others holy and happy, I should go without a sigh to abide in that better land where dwelleth righteousness. When will the summons come ?

By faith I see that land
With peace and plenty blest,
A land of sacred liberty
And everlasting rest.

My heart longs for that blessed land,

“Where perfect love and friendship reign,
And joy can never die.”

Preserve me, my God, from the stains of earth; fit me for a heaven of holiness.

April 22. Alone to-night. To-day Mr. — spoke to me in a way I thought not very kind, about some permissions. It grieved me. Alas ! why do we, poor mortals, thus destroy for each other the little comfort we might enjoy ? I have felt like weeping ever since. I feel very, very tired. I fear I shall be worn out before examination. If I could be purified and

finish my work very soon, would I not be very glad to go?

There is no need of disguising what these extracts sufficiently show, that Miss Farley was not exactly satisfied with the results of her labors in the school at Tuskaloosa, and that her employers, as well as herself, were more or less disappointed. At Ipswich she had enjoyed unbounded popularity, and her friends in Tuskaloosa expected that this popularity would follow her into her new field of labor; but it was because they left out of the account the change of circumstances, the difference of the material on which she was to operate, and her strong and unyielding individuality. Miss Grant had understood Miss Farley's character and talents, and valued her aright, and had put her into the very niche where she could give light to all that were in the house. In Miss Grant's school there was a class of thirty ladies, all over twenty years of age, many of whom had already been accepted and acceptable teachers, and nearly all of whom, having been born into the kingdom of Christ at home, went to the school at Ipswich as Saul went to Ananias, to learn what the Lord had for them to do. This was the band of praying, working, earnest women whom Miss Grant had committed, from year to year, to the special charge of Miss Farley.

They needed no governing. A wish of hers was to them law, and they were emulous to anticipate her desires. When they once clearly understood what she expected of them, that, according to the best of their ability, they did. The overwhelming sense of her deficiencies, which was at times almost morbid, only made her the more lovely in their eyes, for it was, to them who saw her mental and spiritual affluence, the abasement of a righteous soul. They saw her clothed in the glistening garments which those wear to whom the invisible glories of the heavenly world have been revealed, and when she spoke they listened as to an angel. At Tuskaloosa the pupils were young, light-hearted, and gay, living in the present, and entirely unable to comprehend a lady already thirty years old, who, from her earliest dawn, had found her chief delight in the gratification of her strong esthetic and moral susceptibilities, in the most sublime and elevated friendships, and in close study and intense reflection. From a child she had read when others were playing, had thought when others were talking, and had studied when others were reading. Her new scholars piped unto her, but they found she did not dance. Teachers and pupils were not in mutual correspondence. To set her to govern and to instruct them was like taking a pattern teacher of theology or of Hebrew from his true place in a

theological seminary, and setting him down in a country academy to teach boys, living in flesh and sense, the rudiments of arithmetic, geography, and Latin. The man's power of abstraction would be a positive damage to him in such a situation. A tyro, with one tenth of his ability, and one hundredth of his learning, would throw him into the shade, and make his reputation a byword and a hissing in all the village. Many a pretty girl of eighteen years, with just knowledge sufficient to keep a little out of sight of her scholars, with that tact which a common experience in children's likes and dislikes gives, and with a ready ability to adjust means to ends in a schoolroom, might have been more popular at Tuskaloosa than Miss Farley. Yet that she, on the whole, was both faithful and useful, we learn from her honest, truth-telling journal. Writing May 8, 1841, about the time Mr. and Mrs. Williams were leaving the school in the hands of others, she says :—

In conversation with Mrs. Williams, she told me that Mr. Williams liked me better than any teacher he has ever employed, except Mrs. S——y. This, if so, is comforting, after all that has passed.

We return to her journal.

April 30, 1840. To-day is a day of desolations. I rose with forebodings of ill. Yesterday I received a letter from L. C. L., informing me that Mary Ann's health was failing, and to-day I learn by a letter from her husband, that she is gone. She looked to the world beyond the grave with desire. My brother is alone. He will never again find one so true, so gentle, so affectionate. Lord, give me words of comfort for him in his deep affliction. I have lost a sister whom I had learned to love, and in whom I looked for much pleasure. She is now happy with my other sister, and I am left. For her sake I would not mourn, but it is hard to bear. I loved her for her simplicity, her affectionate disposition, her forgetfulness of self, her desires for improvement, and for the just views she took of things. It is a comforting circumstance to me, I can hardly explain why it is so much so, that she was laid to rest on the sunny hill-side in dear old Ipswich, where our venerable father, our dear sister, and so many of our kindred repose in joyful hope, as we trust, of a glorious resurrection. It would have been painful to think of her grave in a strange place, away from her friends and ours.

Writing soon after this entry to her sister, and alluding to their recent bereavement, she says :—

Do not these lines of sweet Mary Howitt awaken echoes in our hearts, at such a time as this?

“There is a land where beauty cannot fade,
Nor sorrow dim the eye,
Where true love shall not droop nor be dismayed,
And none shall ever die.
Where is that land, oh, where?
For I would hasten there,—
Tell me, I fain would go,
For I am wearied with a heavy woe!
The beautiful have left me all alone!
The true, the tender, from my paths are gone.
Oh, guide me with thy hand
If thou dost know that land,
For I am burdened with oppressive care,
And I am weak and fearful with despair!
Where is it, tell me where,
Thou that art kind and gentle, tell me where!”

May 23, 1840. I have been reading awhile in Wordsworth; his Travelling Merchant, so full of natural wisdom, and his Margaret. They give me much pleasure. These words are worth treasuring in memory's urn: —

“Why should we thus with an untutored mind,
And in the weakness of humanity,
From natural wisdom turn our hearts away,

To natural comfort shut our eyes and ears,
And feeding on disquiet, thus disturb
The calm of nature with our restless thoughts."

Would I might learn this philosophy and be happy with the delights which nature and a spiritual life yield.

Miss Emily W. is certainly very sweet and good. Why has she not won the love and esteem of some one worthy of her? A question, I know, which some have asked in reference to myself, and which, perhaps, in my case, admits of hardly any answer, but I'm not attractive.

Let me see what are the sources of my present happiness.

I have, at times, a sweet assurance that God, my Redeemer, loves me; that he will purify me and bring me at last to that land of perfect bliss, where I shall breathe no more heartfelt sighs. I think I am more submissive to his will in ordering my affairs, and enjoy more the sweet influences of nature around me, than in some past periods.

When the toils of school are over, I enjoy sitting at my pleasant chamber window with my sewing, and glancing at the soft skies, the fleecy clouds, the spreading trees, the birds through them, the purple horizon, and at the garden-city spread out before me.

Then, again, I have the love of some dear friends, and the scholars, I think, love me as I certainly do them,—and love is all bliss. If I were only holy! Sometimes I hope God will show me more of his character, and draw me by cords of love nearer to himself.

What lot would I choose were it left to me, a life of love, of ease, of honor? What would then become of my spiritual interests, and how should I prepare for heaven? I would rather leave it all to my heavenly Father.

June 1. Would that, to-night, I might dream of heaven and my dear sisters there. What an unspeakable privilege could the spirit, while the body sleeps, ascend and pass the pearly gates, and spend these hours of forgetfulness in high and heavenly communion with God, with the Saviour, and with the spirits of the just, and be washed in the ever-springing fountains of love divine from all its sins and unworthiness. Then it would be delightful to return and labor on earth, having within the remembrance of such a privilege. When shall I go up and be there forever? Dear, glorious Saviour, while I tabernacle on earth, cleanse me from all my idols, from every desire that offends thee, and grant me that faith which overcomes the world.

July 16. Spent an hour this morning in recollecting and confessing my sins, both of childhood and later days. I drew near to God with hearty desires for pardon. I hope I am resolved to take the Lord's will for mine.

Looked over my wardrobe preparatory to going on a visit to Mrs. Lewis of Gainesville.

From day to day I gain some new views of human nature. Mrs. ——— said to me to-day, that married life was not all romance. I believe it. If it be my lot to marry, heaven deliver me from an unreasonable man.

In a letter to her cousin and early friend, Miss C. M., she thus describes the first journey which she took into the country after her arrival in Alabama. It affords a graphic picture of Southern chivalry and hospitality, as well as of Southern roads and modes of travelling. It is dated Gainesville, Ala., July 30, 1840.

Mrs. L. who was formerly Miss A. sent her carriage to convey me from Tuskalooosa to Gainesville, for the vacation. On Thursday morning about 8 o'clock, I set off with Mr. Fulton, the man whom they sent from G. A young lady, who wished to visit her friends in G., accompanied us. The journey before us, by

the course we took, was sixty miles, and we had only one horse, but he appeared strong and able. It was cloudy, and began to rain soon after we set off. We rode slowly, for the driver said that it was better not to tire the horse at first. The rain soon began to come very fast and to wet us a good deal, as the carriage was an open barouche, so that about four, miles from Tuskaloosa, we thought it advisable to seek shelter. We stopped at a pretty little house, embellished with shade-trees and roses, and, as is usual in this country, besides the yard next to the house, there was another outside for the carriages. This outer inclosure is the more necessary here, because it is common for a family to keep a carriage and horses. We were ushered into a room which was furnished with a few pine chairs, two large trunks, a neat bed with a white counterpane, a mahogany bedstead and a child's crib of the same material; and, in one corner, three rifles and some hunting apparatus. The floor was bare and unpainted. The people, a grave and rather sad-looking man and woman, received us kindly, and soon made a fire by which we dried ourselves, and our shawls and bags. These people were from South Carolina, and had been in Alabama less than a year. The woman was dressed in black, and said little. They had a fine little boy of four years, of noble mien and

carriage. The man brought in a peck basket of peaches and a tray of apples, set them down on the floor, and told us to help ourselves. The peaches were delicious. As it continued raining, we were obliged to stay till dinner-time, when the calls of appetite were most abundantly supplied with boiled ham, fried chicken, potatoes, corn-bread, stewed peaches, and other accompaniments.

After dinner, we essayed to go on, but the roads had become very slippery from the rain, and the hills of red clay were very difficult of ascent, — a few miles and our carriage was fast in a mud-hole. The horse, after trying several times in vain to extricate us, strongly inclined to stand still. Miss H. and I alighted and walked on. Three gentlemen on horse-back rode up, and one stopped to assist us. Just as we were ready to start again, another of the trio came back to see if he could help us and handed us into the carriage. So we went on, but soon we came to a long, slippery hill, which, however, we descended in safety, though in some fear. A mile or two farther on, at the foot of a hill, the horse absolutely refused to go another step. We alighted and walked on a few rods. The deep, solitary woods were all around. Soon we heard the sound of horsemen. They were the same who had assisted us before, with some others. They talked with Mr. Fulton a moment as

they passed him, and then came on. As they were passing us, the gentleman who had handed us into the carriage in our previous dilemma, stopped and said to me, that we should be welcome to his horse, and he would in the mean while take ours. I thanked him, and did not decline; so he went back, and the exchange was made. Mr. Fulton began to urge the borrowed beast up the hill, but failing to show as much energy as our new acquaintance deemed necessary, he offered to take the reins himself, and drove us eight miles, to our resting-place for the night. He and his companions were from Mobile, and had travelled through the wilderness from that place on horseback. He was very polite and sociable. He said he liked to be helped out of a difficulty, and to help others out; that he should not have slept a wink that night had he left us on the road. It seemed strange to receive such assistance from an entire stranger, but we have seen the best side of human nature throughout our journey.

The next morning, we set off from Carthage, seventeen miles from Tuscaloosa. After a few miles our horse manifested the same disposition and decision as he had the day before, and we concluded not to try him further. It was five hours before arrangements could be consummated for our next advance. The house where we waited was small

but neat,—without one pane of glass, though not without air, for the shutters were wide open. The furniture was ordinary, but everything was clean. The daughter of the house was a contrast to everything around her. She was pretty, and dressed as if for a party, with coral necklace, &c. She had been to school at Tuscaloosa, seemed fond of reading, and had many books. The older son is in the college at Princeton. The mother, a widow, is from Tennessee.

She seemed like a woman of true piety and of good sense. The situation of the house is cool and airy. The yard enclosing it is large, and contains many tall and beautiful shade-trees. The lady gave us a good dinner, and the best cup of coffee I have tasted in a long time.

At half past three we started again, and rode twelve miles to "Father Fulton's," an uncle of the man who was driving us. I began to think a journey of sixty miles in Alabama was more than a journey to the North. My head ached badly, and I went to bed immediately. They held family worship in a large room next to our bedroom, and we could hear nearly every word of the very long service. In the morning, between four and five o'clock, we were waked by the singing of their hymn in family worship again. I enjoyed it highly. This is a patriarchal family. One daughter, an amiable young lady,

is married, and lives at home. Her husband, a fine-looking man, is studying for the ministry. They believe, they say, in marrying young. Another daughter, with her husband and children, were at home on a visit, at this time, and the children of a son were also there. They entertained us very hospitably.

The next morning we procured two *mules* which had been trained to draw a carriage, and a negro to drive, and came the remainder of the way, thirty miles, to Gainesville. The country through which we drove the last day, was very pleasant. We rode through beautiful woods and many fine plantations in Green County. I saw on that day, for the first time, the cotton-plant in flower. The blossoms, the first day of their opening, are of a faint straw color, the second red, and much like the hollyhock, but the plants are lower.

Here, at last, the toils of the way all forgotten, I am enjoying myself to the full. Mr. and Mrs. L. are of the excellent of the earth, and as kind and attentive as heart can desire. Mr. L. is very intelligent and very wealthy, but not ostentatious; more noted for his benevolence and piety than for his wealth. He is brotherly, intelligent, and kind. Mrs. L. is a fortunate woman, and he, I doubt not, considers himself no less happy in his choice.

Sept. 18, 1840. Again I am at Tuskalooosa. Very precious to me is my visit at Gainesville. There I felt that I was among true friends. May a blessing rest on that best of men, that kindest of women, and on their dear children.

Dec. 5. To-day I have wished that my mother earth would open and cover my head. Yet, my dearest Lord, help me to renounce my pride, my foolish fancies, my desires for earthly good, and live to thee alone. Am I willing to receive the discipline he sends, to yield my fondest desires? Thou, Lord, must thyself make me willing. Bless the coming Sabbath to my soul. Let me enjoy a Sabbath of rest in my heart, and be pleased speedily to usher in that Sabbath in which I may enjoy communion with those I love, without sin and without sorrow.

Dec. 9. This is a lovely night. Does the moon shine as placidly on those I love far away? Charlotte, perhaps, thinks of it and me. I have been reading in Doddridge's Rise and Progress, what was so much blessed to me of old, the directions for the religious spending of a day. I would keep them in remembrance better, and live more as I ought. Lord, new-create my heart, keep me from evil thoughts, and let thine angels watch around me.

Jan. 2, 1841. Passed the evening at Mr. Clarke's with half a dozen ladies and the same number of gentlemen. How delightfully the moments glided away ! Judge R. talked with me the greater part of the evening. He is one of the most original and delightful of men ; all ardor and enthusiasm, one of Nature's own orators, I am sure. He began on politics, then passed to mountain scenery, its effect on the character, &c. He expressed a contempt for books, but seemed well acquainted with them. Again he passed to theology ; said he believed the Scriptures, from beginning to end. He seemed at home in foreign lands, and dwelt on the bright side of each, enchanted evidently by the illusion distance gives. Speaking of art among the Chinese, he touched the chenille which hung from my head, saying, " Who made this ; " and then, touching the zelia around my neck, repeated the question. " Shall a great nation," he said, " to whom we are as nothing in numbers or in art, be denied a chance of future happiness ? "

I rose and stood by the fire, and my delightful companion did the same. He then described the log cabins of northern Alabama, and said he never saw any other dwelling until after he was twenty years old. I am told that he was originally a blacksmith, and that he has raised himself from obscurity to eminence, and is now a man of great influence in

his section of the State. He incidentally remarked that he had been married thirty years, and was the father of fourteen children, though he did not look older than thirty-five or forty. I have to thank him for a great deal of pleasant information, and for one of the happiest evenings I have spent in Tuscaloosa!

To her youngest brother, under date of Nov. 2, she writes : —

You must not think, because I did not immediately answer your good long letter, giving me an account of your wedding, that I was not glad of it. I have had, believe me, the very best reasons for my delinquency.

Shall I tell you, first of all, where I have been to-day? I attended with Mr. and Mrs. W., the opening of the legislature. In the House of Representatives the proportion was fifty-one Democrats to forty Whigs. In the Senate the Democratic party is still stronger, though the Whigs have gained the last year. The Speaker of the House was a very ordinary looking man, whatever may be his other qualifications. He said, "His internal sensibilities on the occasion of being called to this dignified position were greater than his outward capabilities."

I rejoice with you, dear brother, in your happiness

with Chloe. May it be lasting, and may it increase. This it will, if you have the blessing of God on your union. You are liable to many vexations and casualties to mar your peace, especially in these troublesome business times; but, if you have the favor of your Father in heaven, you may lay claim to the promise, "All things shall work together for good to those who love God," to those who are his own children. "No good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly." Now that you are just setting out in wedded life, it is a most favorable time to seek for that which will crown your happiness here, and fit you for perfect and enduring joy in the world to come. I was rejoiced to know that you had begun to read the Bible together. I trust you will also pray for light to understand it, and for assistance to practice its precepts. Oh, my dear brother, it is my constant prayer, that if God please not to grant us earthly prosperity, we may be a holy family, and spend eternity in happy union. I cannot bear the idea that you should risk your everlasting all by delay. Consider, dear James, if ever will come a better time than the present, while God says, "To-day, if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts." Do pray over this subject. "The blessing of God, it maketh rich and addeth no sorrow."

My heart responds to your wish that we might

some time dwell together. If it be the will of God, I should be very happy to do so. It is my desire to be fitted by the grace of God to be useful in the world, and I would resign all my concerns to his keeping. I would do some good, something to make others happy while I remain here, and be fitted for that blessed society where there is no want or regret, no tears or sickness, no death or parting.

Do you expect that General Harrison's election will set everything right? One of our young ladies says the Whigs tell all who will believe them, that he will buy up all the cotton as soon as he is President. Politics have run very high here. The editor of the Democratic paper, though a Northern man, takes every opportunity to abuse the North, and probably thinks that, by his slanders, he ingratiates himself with the people of the South, which, however, I have not made up my mind to believe.

TO HER SISTER.

TUSKALOOSA, Nov. 3, 1840.

My dear Lucy, have you read the "Memoir of Mrs. Eli Smith?" Mr. Smith once preached at Ipswich. I have been reading it, and I think I never was more interested in a biography. I felt ashamed of myself and rebuked for my low attainments in the

Christian life, of my want of love to others. She seemed to be made up of ardent, active benevolence. She possessed so fine a taste, so cultivated a mind, that her life is an intellectual as well as a spiritual treat. I hope you will read it, and tell me what you think of it. She was a woman of much prayer, and was accustomed to very early rising, that she might have time for it. She prayed much for friends, and was accustomed to remember them particularly once in the week. I have imitated her example in this so far as, instead of praying more generally every day for near friends, to select one or two for each season of retirement. I chose Sabbath morning to remember mother, and Sabbath evening you and Charlotte M. Will you not, then, remember me, dear sister? I wish you to pray that I may be formed to the spirit of Christ, and that I may be fitted for usefulness while I live in this world. With all the hardness and coldness I have to mourn over, I am sometimes encouraged to hope that my desire to glorify God by a useful life is strengthened, that I have more desire to be purified from the love of riches or ease, and a greater willingness to endure whatever it shall please God to lay upon me than I formerly had. Mrs. W., Miss G., Miss S., and myself have a little prayer meeting on Sabbath evening, in which we converse freely. I think it has been of use to me. When I look for a

moment within myself, I do not feel any disposition to complacency. My backwardness and sins stare me in the face, yet I do not think it right to be always complaining, but that we ought sometimes to make mention of what is hopeful in our spiritual state. May we, dear sister, make it our great business to be ready when the Master calls, and to be laying up treasure in heaven against that day. I am contented; I had almost said happy. If I had faith and love enough, I might say so.

The following letter is addressed to a lady who had been for years a pupil in the school at Ipswich, but who, owing to some misunderstanding, had felt obliged to make herself a new home, and had sought and obtained employment in the cotton-mill:—

I was surprised, and I must say grieved, when my sister wrote to me of your present occupation. But if you think the providence of God demands it of you, I would say, as I hope you say, “Blessed be his holy will, let it be done, as in heaven so on earth.” If we can keep a conscience void of offence, and live near to God, the circumstances of this life are of little worth. Do you live near the Saviour, my friend? Oh, if we could have the spirit of adoption from day to day, how happy might we be, external circumstances

being as they might! Remember the precious promises in the 37th Psalm. Do you find any time for reading? I hope you will go often and see my mother and sister, and so long as you remain in your present situation, try to enjoy the comforts, and reconcile yourself to the discomforts of it.

CHAPTER XI.

Changes in School — Visit to Rosemount — Sickness in the Family --
Removal to Greene County — Her Marriage.

IN the spring of 1841, Mr. and Mrs. Williams, with whom Miss Farley had been co-operating, resigned their post as principals of the Seminary in Tuska-loosa, and Mr. and Mrs. Stone, from Dayton, Ohio, succeeded them. Miss Farley retained her situation, and continued to be, as she had been, one of the most prominent teachers in the school. After Mr. Williams announced the contemplated change, the pupils became less orderly, and Miss Farley writes: "The girls, taking advantage of Mr. and Mrs. W.'s anticipated removal, have not done well in school. I have been almost sick from discouragement, but, seeking help from God, I am determined to stand at my post. I have asked my heavenly Father to bestow on me the power of governing. The aids to this will be a distant manner, unfeigned gravity, attention to my own dress, with benevolent love for the pupils, and

not suffering glaring faults to go unrebuked. Rev. Mr. Scott spoke to-day of the necessity of governing children by firmness mixed with kindness, by reproof and prayer. Let me act on these hints. Oh my Saviour, give me sincere love to these children, to their precious souls, and subdue, thou, their spirits."

The very next day she records the answer to her prayer: "I thank my heavenly Father with melting gratitude, that he seems to have answered my yesterday's prayer, and subdued the hearts of these scholars himself. They have behaved uncommonly well to-day. Oh, will he not still help me?"

May 6, 1841. Mr. and Mrs. W. bade the school farewell to-day. I suspended the exercises, and the scholars all attended them to the gate, and wept much at seeing them depart.

Dear friends, may God go with you and bless you. I went into No. 8 and spent a few minutes in prayer for them. The house seems desolate, as though some one were dead.

May 9, 1841. Mr. Scott's subject to-day was, the Sabbath, and he gave the most eloquent discourse I have ever heard him deliver. He extolled New England and her observance of this divine institution, without saying one disparaging word. Some parts

of the discourse were thrilling. Blessed and glorious Sabbath, may I be thankful for its privileges.

This evening Mr. Lyon, of Tennessee, preached from the text, "Which things the angels desire to look into." He observed that one end of the work of redemption was to develop the persons of the Holy Trinity. The interest of the angels in men, he thinks, is in part the effect of the tie of being, and he illustrated what he meant by the sympathy of birds when a sparrow is pursued by a hawk. He gave a vivid picture of the glories of redemption, maintaining that the amount of happiness was more increased by the gradual than it could have been by the sudden development of God's character and purposes.

In July of this year, 1841, Miss Farley accepted an invitation of a pupil from Greene County, to go home with her. The friendship she then formed with Mrs. Glover, the mother of her pupil, was maintained with unabated fervor until Mrs. G.'s death, a short time before Mrs. Maxwell's own departure. Mr. Glover invited Miss Farley to remain in his family and take charge of the education of his children and a few others in the neighborhood, offering her handsome remuneration for the work. She was drawn by several considerations to accept his proposals, but went back to Tuskaloosa to meet her engagements there, unde-

cided as to what she might do in the future. While at Rosemount, Mr. G.'s residence, she writes: Mention has been made of my staying here to teach. Whether I shall, I know not. May God direct me. It would be for my pecuniary interest. Mrs. Glover is a very lovely and pious woman. There are some pleasant and refined families in the neighborhood. I doubt if I should succeed well in governing these children, and if I did not I could not be useful.

Soon after her return to Tuskaloosa, she wrote to her sister: Though I like Mr. and Mrs. Stone, and find my situation here very pleasant, I think I may resign my place in the course of a few months, and try a family school in Greene County. Mr. Glover offers me a home and six hundred dollars per annum, and assures me that I shall not have above fifteen scholars. In one year there I could lay by as much as in two years here, and I should escape the publicity of examinations which I dislike very much. I shall feel very badly to leave my friends here. I never enjoyed the society of any place so much as that of Tuskaloosa.

No one but Miss Farley herself knew her embarrassment at a school examination. She shrank with instinctive dread from everything which called attention to herself. To spectators, on such occasions, as well

as to pupils, she seemed to be entirely engrossed in the subject matter of the examination, and to be without anxiety either for herself or for her carefully instructed pupils. It was at one of these examinations that Mr. Maxwell first saw her, and though the hall was so crowded that he could hardly find room to stand, yet the strongest impression made on his mind was that of majestic dignity and complete self-possession.

JOURNAL. Sept. 10, 1841. Last night I received a letter from dear Miss Grant, and from Mrs. B. Miss Grant (how shall I say it?) was married last Tuesday to Hon. Wm. B. Banister, of Newburyport. I wept over the intelligence as if it had been of her death. Her letter was tenderly affectionate, yet it seems as if a barrier were placed between us, and I could no more approach her with the sweet confidence of former years. Perhaps this feeling is all a mistake, and I dare say this change is the best thing for her, and if so I am selfish to regret it.

I have many blessings to be thankful for, yet I feel often as if I would rejoice to lay my head on its last pillow, if such were the will of Ged. I know not how to meet the hardness of an ungracious world, but I would remember that he can give the needful grace. Miss Grant says, "I pray that you may be made a

rich blessing to the world." Alas ! I feel that I never shall be, unless compelled by his grace.

Lord, help me anew to resolve to spend my life for thy glory. Help me to improve in manners, in knowledge, in acts in honor of humanity, in self-denial, in benevolence, in purity, and in un murmuring resignation to all thine holy will. Increase my sociability. Teach me that love which is indestructible, which came from heaven and to heaven returns. Father, when may I come there and see thy face, and bask in thy glory ? Yet do with me as thou pleasest.

Within a few days after the last entry in Miss F.'s journal, which has just been given, Mrs. Stone was taken violently sick ; her daughter had been taken ill some days before, and Mr. Stone was seized with fever a day or two later. The care both of the family and the school devolved on Miss Farley, and the exigency developed powers of endurance surprising to herself and to those about her.

On Saturday evening, Oct. 2, she wrote :—

Since the sickness in the family I have been both housekeeper and nurse as far as I have had time. The young ladies, both in the school and in the family, have never done so well since I have been here. This

has been a comfort to me amid my numerous cares. I have held out well, though *often very tired*. This trying season has reminded me of the time when mother and Amy were both sick, and I took care of them. The ladies and gentlemen of Tuskaloosa have been very kind, more so, I think, than usually at the North. I have had little time to pray. I fear I have had little of the spirit of prayer. Oh, that I might receive it! To-morrow should be to me a solemn day. I expect to transfer my church connection to this church. May the Lord bless this transaction.

Oct. 10, 1841. I have a sad record to make to-day. Mr. Stone has gone the way of all the earth. Messrs. Maxwell and Mc—— watched with him last night. I sat up all night. Mr. Stone was in great distress. His groans, those dying groans, methinks I sometimes hear them yet. Mrs. G., who was watching with Mrs. Stone, told her that he could not survive through the night. Mrs. Stone insisted on being taken to his bedside. We placed her in an armchair and gave her wine, and the gentlemen carried her into Mr. Stone's room. I bathed her head with camphor while she sat there. Her husband knew her after a while, though his mind was a little clouded and his sight was beginning to fail, and said to her, "I love you very much, and shall love you to the end." She suffered

much in parting from him. She was carried back and lifted on to the bed. Mr. Stone lingered for some hours after the pulse was imperceptible. Oh, the sad duties that followed! Mr. M. and others attended to them, and in a short time the lifeless body was removed to the parlor. On this occasion I could not but admire the active energy of Mr. M. The funeral followed. What a busy day was that, and how solemn! I took the children to the church and to the graveyard. There were services at both.

I look back on that scene of love and death, the last interview of Mr. and Mrs. Stone, with mingled emotions. Maxwell, as we stood at that bedside were not our thoughts and feelings the same? May God bless you for your kindness, and make you the glorious creature he designed you. May that noble mind, that kind heart, be fitted for eternal happiness.

Oct. 15. I know not what is in the future. Shall I go to Mr. Glover's, or remain here, or go to Marion, or to Mobile? All these doors are open before me. I would beseech God to guide me. I feel that the late dispensation, and the responsibilities devolved upon me, have called forth and improved my powers, and given me more confidence in myself.

Oct. 17. Went to Dr. H.'s rooms to see the da-

guerreotype pictures. I was disappointed. They are like the every-day world, coldly correct, lacking the grace of ideality which we see in a good painting, and wanting also the fairy delicacy and richness of the image reflected from a concave mirror.

Jan. 8, 1842. Mr. M. called. I gave him my English Bible. He said, "I will keep it till my dying hour."

Jan. 9. Mr. Scott preached from the text, "I am doing a great work, so that I cannot come down." It was a solemn and persuasive sermon on the supreme importance of religion. My soul ascended in earnest prayer for Mr. M. My God, deny me not the boon. Grant that the teachings of thy Holy Spirit may be effectual to his salvation. I commit my ways to thee. Forsake me not. Confirm the gift which thou hast granted. Let not my heart make an idol. Oh, my God, permit it not!

Feb. 6. Attended Bible-class this morning. This is probably my last Sabbath in Tuskaloosa for some time. Watch over me, my Father, and give me a spirit of prayer. I bless thee for the opening prospects of life. Let me have thine approbation and favor. May I not regard this matter as an arrange-

ment of thy providence? Make my future life useful as well as happy. May it be holy. May I never forget that I am in some sort thy representative. Grant me the strongest desire of my heart, that Mr. M. may be made a child of God. Oh, my Father, hear thou this prayer.

As the journal intimates, Miss Farley left Tuska-loosa in February, and went to Mr. Glover's, Rose-mount, Greene County, to devote herself to the instruction of his children and a few others in the neighborhood. She was treated with the greatest consideration and kindness by Mr. and Mrs. Glover and their friends. She was happy in her duties, happy in her anticipations, and happy in her love.

March 31. (She writes :) Expected a letter to-night from Mr. M., but there was none. Perhaps sickness or some accident has overtaken him. Dearer than life is he to me. Oh, love is full of rapture, of soul-filling bliss, of sweetness unutterable! Yet even happy love has its drops of bitter anguish mingled with the delicious draught. One hour of vain expectation of the loved one's presence is a weary, oppressive age of time; and even a disappointment like this cuts, oh, how keenly! Oh, my Father, make use of this to purify my love. Bless him this night with thy presence.

About this time she wrote to her mother from Mr. Glover's:—

What should you say, my dear mother, if I should tell you that Providence seems to point out to me to make my *home* for the present at the South? I became acquainted, last summer, with Mr. Thomas Maxwell, a merchant of Tuskaloosa. While Mr. Stone was sick he was very attentive to the family, and I had an opportunity of becoming well acquainted with him, and could not but admire his kindness and energy. In short, we were so well pleased with each other, that perhaps a union for life will be the result. If so, when you come to know him, you will find him worthy of your love and confidence. He is by birth an Englishman of respectable family, from the north-western part of England. He has been in this country five years. I think he is one to whom I can safely intrust my happiness for life. The connection has the entire approbation of Mr. and Mrs. Scott, and some other of my best friends in Tuskaloosa. I seek to feel how transitory as well as uncertain are all things on earth. You will hear from me again when I have any more definite plans to communicate.

I received a warm welcome here from Mr. Glover and his family. They do everything in their power for my comfort. I have a pleasant room, a nice ward-

robe, and a convenient bureau. I am now writing in my chamber by a good fire. Mrs. Glover has a beautiful garden filled with peach, fig, and pomegranate trees, and even now, before March has come, violets, jonquils, daffodils, and hyacinths, are in bloom. I have a delightful bunch of them on my mantel-shelf now. Would I could send my dear mamma one.

My pretty schoolroom is only a few rods from the house. I hope that the scholars will be good and make rapid improvement, but I must expect trials as well as pleasures.

I expect to ride three or four miles to-morrow to a Methodist meeting. I shall much miss hearing dear Mr. Scott on the Sabbath. He is one of the finest preachers I ever heard.

ROSEMOUNT, June 26, 1842.

MY DEAR MOTHER AND LUCY: You cannot realize with what joy I received your letters, and more than all, those few lines written by dear mother. The box arrived safely. How shall I express my gratitude to you all for your kindness in finishing the work? You must express my thanks with my love to each and every one who lent her fingers and her eyes to these articles of comfort. Mr. M. has purchased carpets and furniture sufficient for the present, which, with the contents of this box from New England,

will supply us with household stuff for a beginning.

On Mr. Maxwell's last visit the day was fixed which will, if Providence permit, unite our destinies. My term closes July 20, and the Monday following, July 25, will be the eventful day. We expect my dear and revered pastor, Rev. Mr. Scott, to come and perform the ceremony. I hope Mrs. Scott, whom I much love, will also be here.

In the interval I am obtaining what hints I can, relative to housekeeping. I have taken a number of lessons in the kitchen from Mrs. G.'s cook, for I may have to commence housekeeping with one who will need much instruction and patience. Mrs. G. is very kind to me, and says I must call on her as I would on a sister.

It is trying to think of living so far from my dear home friends, yet I trust I shall not be cut off entirely from personal intercourse with them. I did wish much to visit New England this summer, and we planned it at one time, but it was Mr. M.'s wish, if we went so far, to visit England and see his friends there also, which he was hardly prepared to do this season. Had he been willing to board for a time, we might have made both journeys, but this, his English notions of comfort would not permit.

My heart's love to John and his new wife, and all our dear family.

TUSKALOOSA, Sept. 1, 1842.

MY DEAR SISTER LUCY: I received your letter since coming to Tuskaloosa. Our marriage took place as we expected. Mrs. G. invited quite a party of neighbors and friends, and gave a very handsome entertainment. Mr. Scott performed the ceremony. We reached Tuskaloosa, Wednesday night. Our house is of brick, and very comfortable. Two long passages cross each other in the centre, and make it very cool. It is surrounded with trees and shrubs, the locust, China, crape myrtle, mimosa, &c. Perpetual roses, which we call monthly, crocuses, which bear a pretty yellow flower, and altheas, are plenty. The garden has, besides, peaches, quinces, plums, grapes, and pear-trees. It is called one of the pleasantest places in Tuskaloosa. Our parlor is handsomely furnished. I am writing at the secretary in it.

I hope my comforts will not lead me to forget the hand which bestowed them, but lead me, rather, to a humble and grateful zeal in his service. I wish that my books should be sent in October. The "Laws of Europe" would be interesting to Mr. Maxwell. Some of what you call family books would be valuable to me, probably more so than to any one at home; books are particularly valuable here because so costly. "Bacon's Essays" I value, as mother's gift, as once belonging to Henry, and also for its matter. Send

also my shells. I wish there were more of them. They are very difficult to obtain here. Perhaps you might make some additions to them from some quarter. If James is willing, I should like the minerals very much. My pressed flowers, all my letters, and especially all the papers of Tace, a work scrap-box and its contents, of which Amy had the key, my manuscript books, especially my book of receipts, and my portfolios of drawings and paintings, send without fail.

My dearest love to mother. Tell her we have a mimosa-tree in the yard, taller than the house, and our garden is overrun with the passion flower, which grows as a weed.

CHAPTER XII.

Plans of Life — Birth and Death of her First Child — Jaunt to Blount Springs — Gift to her Husband.

MRS. MAXWELL'S mode of life is revealed in the following schedule which she drafted just before her marriage.

This evening I have been forming plans or resolutions for the future. May God help me to be holy, humble, useful, while he continues me on earth.

Resolved: —

1. Never to cease seeking opportunity for usefulness, and for moral and intellectual improvement.
2. Never to neglect prayer, morning or evening.
3. To read a chapter in the Bible with a commentary, in the morning, and one in the evening.
4. To keep some practical religious book always in a course of reading.
5. To help some poor family.
6. To teach in the Sabbath school, whenever I am needed and can.

7. To be a good housekeeper.
8. To be neat, and to be always dressed well and suitably to my employment.
9. To keep some improving literary book constantly in a course of reading.
10. Always, if practicable, to be reading a book together.
11. To make use of any opportunities that may offer, to improve myself in any art, science, or language.
12. To economize time, by laying out regular plans for the use of it.
13. To economize money, that I may have wherewith to do good.
14. Not to neglect my correspondents.
15. To write to missionaries.
16. To deny myself something every year, for the sake of appropriating the money thereby saved to objects of Christian charity.

Most of this plan is truly a history of Mrs. Maxwell's daily life. She was on the alert for moral and intellectual improvement. She studied the comfort of her family, but she found time to attend lectures, to peruse scientific works, to take lessons in the fine arts, and to meet the numerous calls on her time which her social position devolved upon her. She

fell back into her early habits of shutting her inner Christian experience within her own soul, and of living from month to month without intimate communion with any believer, on the things which relate to God's kingdom within the mind, but her private devotions knew no intermission.

Oct. 16, she writes :—

It is now nearly three months since we reached our pleasant, happy home. I have been busily employed in receiving and returning calls, in writing letters, in sewing, reading, and attending to our household concerns.

Our beloved pastor, Mr. Scott, has left us and gone to New Orleans, and there is no one yet to supply his place. I feel much his loss. Yet my blessings are great, numerous, and undeserved. Lord, make me truly thankful and devoted to thee.

We return to the journal.

TUSKALOOSA, Jan. 1, 1843.

To-day is Sabbath. Not having entirely recovered from a severe attack of sickness, I could not attend church, though it was communion Sabbath, and I much desired to worship God in his courts. I have tried to keep my mind in a quiet and solemn frame

at home, and have found, I think, access to God, and have had some meltings of soul on account of sin.

Yesterday, I received intelligence of the death of brother Thomas, and, I thank God, with some hope that his soul is saved. Oh, may it be found so at last !

March 20. I have been sick all the time since I last wrote. I owe Mrs. W. a large debt of gratitude for remaining with me. Without her, neither my family nor myself could have been properly cared for. I have now been able to ride twice. I have never known so severe a winter here. My plants have suffered much. I long inexpressibly for fine weather and to get into the sunshine. The birds are beginning to sing, and my dear husband has just brought me some moss roses and bulbous roots, which he has purchased for ten dollars. They are just what I greatly desired, but had not expected. I do not know when I have been so delighted with a purchase. I must try and get into the garden and see them properly set out.

A few days since, Mrs. W. described to us the mad-stone, so called, in North Alabama. It is the only one known of the kind, and has been in the possession of one family for many generations. It has the remarkable property, it is alleged, of extract-

ing the poison from the bite of a mad-dog. It is about the size of a dollar; being laid on the poisoned wound, it adheres. When it drops off, it is put in water and a greenish tinge soon floats upon the surface of the water, after which the stone is again applied to the wound, and so on until it ceases to adhere. Many persons from the different Southern States have gone hundreds of miles with their bites, to be healed by it, and it is said that it has never failed to cure, in any case, where it has been applied within four days after the bite. Mrs. W. received her information from a friend of hers, an intelligent lady, who was carried seventy-five miles to receive its healing qualities, but whose wound had been properly dressed by a surgeon, before she left home, so that the application of the stone was not necessary. She does not know that it has been examined by any mineralogist or chemist, but she seems to believe the wonderful tales told of it, though, she says, many have ridiculed the matter. There is no doubt at all that it has enriched the family who possess it.

Next Sabbath is communion; how I long to go again to the sanctuary, then especially. It is more than three months since my foot entered those sacred courts; sanctify, my Father, this sickness to my impatient spirit. Help me to commune with thee on my bed, and be still.

Mr. Maxwell writing to his mother-in-law, Mrs. Farley, in July, 1843, to inform her of the birth of their first child, says:—

Under circumstances of deep and absorbing interest, I seat myself to express the gratitude of my heart towards you for the best and most precious boon of my existence, a kind, affectionate, loving, and beloved wife. When two more suns shall set, a year—a precious, happy year—will have rolled away, since that joyful evening when the hand and heart of your dear child were joined with mine in those holy bonds of love and union, ordained by the Almighty for the most perfect happiness of his creatures here.

We give, in the touching words of Mrs. Maxwell, the first experience of a mother's joys and sorrows, which many who have been similarly situated will recognize as almost exactly their own.

Aug. 25. On the 3d of July, I was taken violently sick. The weather was excessively warm, and I suffered much, though I lay part of many days under the influence of laudanum. On the morning of the 19th, I gave birth to a daughter. Dr. S. thought it necessary to give me morphine immediately, so that

I recollect little or nothing distinctly, of that day, till, towards night, Mrs. M. brought my sweet little baby to me. Though the child was very small, it appeared healthy. I kissed her, but was too weak to do more. Her first cry was sweet to my soul. I remember saying, Sweet sound! and hearing Dr. S. say, "Miss Maxwell;" a few moments after I sunk into unconsciousness. That night and the next day and night my life was despaired of. I lay insensible, with only now and then a flitting moment of half consciousness. Once in a while, they tell me, I inquired if the baby was safe and well, or asked for drink.

They rubbed me a great part of the time with mustard, pepper, and brandy, and gave me stimulants mingled with ice. Thanks to attending friends, and more than all to my heavenly Father, towards the end of the second night, I became conscious. Then it seemed to me that the sentence of death had been passed, and that I had but an hour or two to live.

I examined my prospects for eternity, and soon I could not but feel that, notwithstanding all my wanderings, my unfaithfulness, my slothfulness in God's service, I did love my God and Saviour more than aught beside. Jesus Christ seemed to be present in the room, full of divine compassion, and ready to conduct my soul through the dark valley to the blest mansions above.

I told my dear husband, who was by my side, and who had scarcely left me at all during this critical season, that I thought I should die, and gave him messages to my absent friends. I saw he did not expect my recovery. I had before this asked the physicians and Mrs. S. about my danger, but they were unwilling to let me know it, and gave me evasive replies.

On Friday morning about dawn, I thought I had but a few minutes to live. I could not perceive any pulse. I continued through the day in great distress, seeming to myself to be poured out, as it were, like water, and laid upon some high place to die.

On Saturday morning, life seemed to return, and the poor body began once more to resume its natural functions. The distress which had pervaded my whole frame settled in my limbs. On Sabbath, I enjoyed much the sight of my sweet little baby. She had at first a profusion of black hair which afterwards turned more brown. She promised to be very much like her father. Her features were more regular than those of young children generally, and she seemed to me like a doll, only sweeter than any other human thing could be. It was a delightful happiness, after I was dressed in the morning, to have the little darling laid by my side, and to feel her little lips drawing nourishment from my breast.

Alas ! I had not long the happiness of possessing her.

On Sabbath afternoon, she became sick, and though she mended and was better for a week, she sickened again the next week, lost her bright looks, and gave sad tokens, in her pale cheeks and faded eyes, that the angel of death had come for her. Thursday night, Aug. 3, Mrs. G. took care of her. How kind and comforting she was. The next day the child passed away so quietly, that we did not any of us know the moment when the young spirit left its little tenement. Who, that has not known, can tell the anguish of a mother in parting forever from her first-born ? Yet not forever. The tie which united me to my darling is not severed, and will not be, unless I forsake my God. She is an angel in heaven, and there I hope to meet her. She is still mine, my precious one ! May no vicissitudes of life blot thee from my heart, my own !

Sweet she looked, laid out in her little white dress which my own hands had made ; but how thin, — how wasted ! When I think of this, and of her sufferings, it breaks my heart. But I will try to think of her as a blessed little immortal. Oh ! who in heaven has the dear privilege of nursing and guarding her, until she be able to do without care ? Is it my beloved sister, who long ago departed ? Methinks so sweet

a gem would grace the bosom of the Madonna herself. Does not the Saviour fold her in his own arms and say, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven?" Farewell, my little Mary, my darling! My hope is, to have thee in full possession in a better place, and so I will not regret the long sickness, nor the anguish it cost to give thee birth.

Lonely and long were many of the hours of the fortnight following, but my dear husband's kindness and unremitting attentions solaced and sustained me as they had hitherto done. He stayed with me much of the time.

On Monday, Aug. 28, we set out on a leisurely jaunt to Blount Springs, hoping that the air, the water, and the diversion might be beneficial to the health of both of us.

On our way, at Mr. Moore's, about twenty-four miles from Tuscaloosa, we crept into a limestone cave, which was well worth the trouble we took to see it. It was, we judged, about 200 feet long, 50 wide, and 6 or 7 high. It is adorned both with stalactites and stalagmites, but they are much blackened with smoke.

Such quantities of home-made fringe as I saw on this journey! I was pleased with it, at first, but tired of it thoroughly before the journey was over. Fringed counterpanes, fringed pillow-cases, fringed sheets, fringed beds, were the fashion all the way.

At Jonesboro' we went to see silk woven in a common loom. It was of the natural color of the cocoons, very fine, like barege. The woman could weave a yard and a half in a day. It was a curiosity, but I fancy it will hardly displace the foreign manufacture very soon.

The last day of our outward journey, we rode through delightful woods and over many steep hills. I began to think we should never reach the Springs. The way seemed to lengthen before us as we proceeded, but about dark we came to a gate which led into the enclosed grounds of Blount Springs. They are in a hollow surrounded by hills covered with woods.

There is one large house called the tavern, containing a kitchen, a dancing-hall, a dining-room, and chambers for boarders. But most of the visitors occupy small houses, with two ground rooms, built in rows and opening in front on a common piazza. Our room was No. 16 in Huntsville Row. In front of it rises a hill, carpeted with green grass and shaded with peach and other trees. The springs are close to the tavern, in a sunken space, walled around with stone, and apparently paved with flat stones. There are a dozen of them, of different degrees of strength. The waters are beautifully clear and sparkling. They taste of sulphur, and give an excellent appetite. The

atmosphere is cool. The sun, detained by the surrounding hills, does not rise here as soon as in other places. It was pleasant in the morning to watch his rays as they descended the woody hills.

A quarter of a mile from the Springs is a cave which has never yet been explored in its whole extent. So far as we went, I did not think it so worthy of a visit as that at Mr. Moore's. It is lower and narrower, but has several different branches. There is a larger one five miles distant, which Mr. Maxwell did not think me well enough to visit.

The amusements of the visitors for the day were whist and ninepins, and for the evening dancing, in neither of which did I wish to join, so that I should have been better pleased with a working and reading community. While there I finished reading *Indian Sketches*, by John Irving. Mr. Maxwell found, in his peregrinations among the hills, some organic remains containing encrinites.

On our return, we turned off below Jonesboro' and rode six miles through the woods to a camp-meeting, where we heard brothers Taylor, Borden, and La Vert preach. We were hospitably entertained at Mr. Saddle's tent. I found that Mr. Maxwell was acquainted with the country people wherever we went, and they all seemed desirous to show us kindness and respect. We found many acquaintances on the camp-ground.

Sept. 15. I feel glad to be at home again, to feel so much better and stronger, and to be able to attend to household duties. Our summer house and arbor are beautifully covered with vines. The garden looks fresh. How many comforts I have around me, besides that great source of happiness, the affection of my dear husband. I would not too much regret my darling baby, yet at times I feel sad and lonely. I would know my duties and perform them.

Three days later than the last entry copied from her journal, she wrote to her mother:—

You have doubtless ere this received the account of the sickness and death of our dear little Mary. She was a pretty child, and at first apparently healthy. For the first few days after her birth I was hardly able to notice my dear babe, except to ask if it was well. When I became able to have her lie by my side, and to watch her sweet countenance, it seemed the greatest happiness I had ever enjoyed. On Friday evening, August 4, the dear little creature breathed her last. Oh, my dear mother, you can understand the anguish of that hour when my first-born, beloved so much, though possessed but two short weeks, was taken from me. Though she is removed from my sight on earth, yet it is a precious consola-

tion that she is still mine; that the gracious Redeemer who loves little children will keep her for me, and at last restore her to my arms.

I was truly grieved to learn of the death of brother Thomas's widow. May God care for the orphan boy!

On the 16th she writes to her mother and sister that Mr. Maxwell is about starting for the North, and to her wish that he may become personally acquainted with as many of the family as possible, adds the desire that he may also go to Newburyport and see Mrs. Banister. You do not know, she adds, how much his going awakens my desire to go too. She then says: "Do not you remember, dear mamma, that you once promised to give me, when I was married, one of your ancient silver porringers? You cannot imagine how much I should value one of them."

Writing in her journal after Mr. Maxwell's departure, she says: "Sad feelings and thoughts crowded on me as we parted. It seemed like parting with life to let him go. But I try to trust him in the hands of a merciful God, and to hope cheerfully for his safe return. Oh, my God, keep him in the hollow of thy hand, safe from danger, death, and all evil! On Thursday and Friday I wrote to him, and to-day I received a precious letter from him, written the same day that I commenced mine. I must leave my journal and go

out and read to Biddy, who is not well. Where is my dearest husband now? Fly swift, ye tardy weeks, and bring him to my arms."

Nov. 5. To-day I have received a sweet epistle from my dearest earthly friend. It was a cordial to my spirits, for I had begun to feel depressed. Oh, my God, keep my darling in the hollow of thy hand, and as the apple of thine eye! Oh, restore him to me!

Nov. 12. I had just now a delightful thought of my dear husband and myself sitting in loving silence beside one another, while the glory of the Blessed One shone resplendently upon us, and a view of his various perfections was revealed to our souls, such as must be the bliss of heaven. May this vision be realized there, and even on earth in some measure. I pass much time alone, and sometimes suffer such an utter desolation as I never knew before. I bless God that I may hope my precious husband is still spared to me, and that I may look for his return soon. Next week, I trust, he will set out for home. Oh, my God, guard thou his footsteps, and bring him hither in safety and peace! I have been working in wax flowers the last week to please him.

On Mr. M.'s return from the North, Mrs. M. gave him a Bible, on the fly-leaf of which she had written the following lines:—

Receive the gift descended from above,
The pledge, dear husband, of your Charlotte's love.
Would you be wise? Its kind instructions hear,
And read and meditate with heart sincere.
Would you be holy? From its precepts draw
The living lessons of a perfect law.
Would you be lovely? From the Saviour seek
All that is generous, noble, mild, and meek.
Would you be happy? To the promise fly,
And on its truth immutably rely.
May Heaven all-gracious, all your steps direct
From every specious snare your life protect,
Through every scene in time be still your guide,
And o'er your thoughts incessantly preside.
Thus grow in years, in wisdom's ways increase,
And you shall find them pleasantness and peace.

Nov. 5, 1843.

CHAPTER XIII.

Additions to the Family — Daily Duties — Visit to New England —
Letters written in Apprehension of Death — Longings for Heavenly Bliss.

It had been a ruling motive with Mr. Maxwell, from the day in which he left England in 1836, to make a comfortable and agreeable home for his aged parents and his younger brothers and sisters ; for as Mrs. Maxwell on her father's side was one of eighteen, and on her mother's one of fourteen children, so Mr. Maxwell was one of a family of sixteen. He remembered his sweet early home, with its comforts and luxuries. While yet too young to lend a hand in the support of the family, he had seen poverty and distress enter its sacred portals, and his father, heart-sick, yield to adverse fortune. He had seen his mother, with the most devoted love, cheerfully and hopefully toil on through trials which would crush many a modern heroine, filling the minds of her children with maxims of honesty, and providing them in some inconceivable way

with decent suits for the house of God on the holy Sabbath.

He had left the shores of his native land after he attained his majority, contrary to the wishes of his parents, and the scheme which gave zest to his toil, and shrewdness to his mind, was to provide a home in America for the family circle he had left behind. Mrs. Maxwell entered fully into his schemes, and in a little more than a year after her marriage, Mr. Maxwell provided for their removal to this land. On January 2, 1844, his father, mother, younger brother, and elder sister became inmates of the mansion at Tuskalooza. Other members of the family had also a home there. Of course, the delightful privacy in which they had lived was interrupted. Mr. Maxwell seemed like a boarder in his own house, yet Mrs. Maxwell neither repined nor murmured. Writing a few months after their advent, she says:—

Mother lately has taken nearly all the care of house-keeping, which is a relief to me, and I believe renders her more happy, as she has been accustomed to such care. I find her society quite an addition to my happiness. Ellinor, the sister, though an invalid, makes herself quite useful about the house. So you see I like the change very well, as I should otherwise be much alone.

The heart of Mr. Maxwell trusted safely in his wife. Finding her competent to the work, he left the care of providing for the family as entirely with her, as that of preparing a meal or arranging her own dress. So far as the affairs of the house were concerned, it might be said of him as of one who dwelt in Egypt three thousand years ago: "He left all that he had in her hand; and he knew not aught that was in his house, save the bread which he did eat."

Writing herself to her mother, she says of their first-born son:—

You already know from Mr. Maxwell's letter that we have a son. Of course, he is to me just the sweetest and the prettiest little fellow imaginable. He has dark hair, blue eyes, a sweet little mouth, and a nose large enough to indicate good sense. I think of but little else than him all day long. My most ardent desire for him is, that he may be a child of God, and my ambition would ask for him no higher station than that of a minister of the gospel, wise in winning souls to our Redeemer.

Dear Aunt McKean, I cannot grieve at the release of a caged and prepared spirit, but I loved her much.

March 23, 1845. My husband is absent in Mobile. In speaking of our dear child before he left, he said:

"If anything happens to me you will have him left." May the Lord, who has so many times preserved my dearest earthly friend when in danger, still be his shield, and bring him home in safety. Oh, that he would reveal himself to his soul with converting power. Show him thy glory, O God! Show him his own character and his relations to thee, and make him thine own dear child.

This is the Sabbath day. I have been reading in "Nelson's Cause and Cure of Infidelity." I wish all the skeptics and scoffers would read it and understand the truth.

May 15. The most important thing that has taken place in our household to-day, is the rescue of our three young mocking-birds from the devouring jaws of the large cat who has been watching for them for weeks. I discovered that the nest was empty, and summoning Edna, she found them in the syringa bush, where they seemed to have fallen from the nest, and brought them into the house. I felt a painful sympathy with the mother-bird, who sat on a tree with some food in her bill, while they were in the house out of her sight and reach.

May 17. I have been out nearly all day. Among others, I called on old Mrs. Phelan. Her conversation

has on me the effect of a fine sea-breeze,—enlivening and refreshing,—healthful to the soul, as Miss Brewer describes Brennel.

May 21. Employed all the morning in running about the house and garden, and about noon settled to sewing. (Here my little darling coughed, awoke, and had to be put to sleep again.) I sat in the passage while sewing, and was agreeably entertained by a concert of the mocking-birds in our garden and the neighborhood.

In the storeroom a valuable enamelled stew-pan, carelessly hung up by a little twine string, fell down and was broken. I must look closer after Ellen and Edna.

May 24. Last night Mr. Maxwell caught a martin in the Lodge room where the Odd Fellows were holding a meeting, and brought it home. I had never seen one before. It is a pretty bird. This morning I gave it liberty.

Monday eve., 26. I called to-day on Mrs. S., who has returned from dear New England. Her presence seems a blessing to this place. She is one of the true children of God.

Monday eve., June 17. Yesterday afternoon a thunder-storm came up suddenly. A clap of thunder like the rolling of artillery was heard, very nearly resembling a dreadful clap in the spring, but more prolonged. Several in the Methodist church were thrown down and more or less injured. The Misses K. were struck, Julia was burned in the arm in several places. More were killed. Great is God's preserving goodness. How near does he come in these storms! Oh that I might be prepared, and waiting his summons!

July 12. A week ago, as I was sitting in the parlor, all engaged in constructing an Odd Fellow's rosette for Mr. Maxwell, who should drive up but our old friends Mr. and Mrs. H. I enjoyed communion with my friend Priscilla highly, particularly as I was suffering less than heretofore from the prickly heat. She still lives in the midst of jealousies and opposition in regard to schools, but her real excellence as a teacher, in the end must surely secure her ascendancy. Few have the gift to teach well, and exert a strong moral influence over scholars. May all such be encouraged to engage in this good work.

In the autumn of this year, 1845, Mrs. Maxwell made a visit to New England, her first return to her

early home, after going South in 1839. Speaking of this visit after her return, she says: My husband and child accompanied me. The journey was extremely fatiguing, and little James became sick by the way, but soon after our arrival at home — my dear mother's — he recovered.

I enjoyed this reunion with my family and friends exquisitely. It has been a renewal of loves and friendships, and has increased my desire to have more frequent intercourse with the beloved ones of early life. I bless God that he permitted me to behold once more my dear mother. Perhaps that pleasure may again be allowed me. Dear brothers and sisters, my heart seems knit to them anew. May the happiness I enjoyed make me more ready to take thought for the comfort of others when Providence brings them to me.

This winter we have had a pleasant visit from a cousin of Mr. Maxwell's, M. McM. Her visit has been useful to me in more respects than one.

Four weeks ago yesterday we were shocked by finding Mr. Maxwell's sister Ellen lifeless in her bed. She had passed away, apparently, without pain. She has been a great sufferer, and I trust the change was to her for the better and not for the worse. I miss her attentions to my boy, and her presence in the house. Considering her infirmities, she was a very useful person.

This spring has been a delightful one; there has been scarcely any frost since the mild weather commenced, and the garden is now bursting and fragrant with bud and blossom. The weather, the air, the springing shrubs, all exhilarate me. Truly there is much beautiful in this world of ours, much to excite our admiring gratitude. Our home looks pleasant, our boy is growing in beauty and promise. He is now playing and shouting in the gladness of his heart.

Since I wrote last, the Presbytery has met in Tuskalooza. Mr. Witherspoon of Carthage, stayed with us. Mr. Lewis dined here three days, and Rev. Mr. Kirkpatrick once.

Let me be willing to spend time and labor to cultivate friendships with persons of elevated minds. It is certainly one of the privileges of life. I desire not to forget that time spent in visiting and receiving *good company* is no loss.

This has been a lovely day. The garden is blooming like Eden. What a loss that our first parents should have been driven from that first garden, like which no garden is on earth. Yet earth has now no lovelier place than a beautiful garden.

The succeeding notes to her husband and to Mrs. Banister were found among her papers after her death, and superscribed,

“For my dear husband, Thomas Maxwell. To be opened in case of my death.”

TUSKALOOSA, July, 1846.

MY DEAREST HUSBAND: Life is very uncertain, and the circumstances in which I now am, teach me that mine is especially so, though I am still in the hands of a good, and merciful, and hitherto sparing God.

He is able to deliver me from impending perils, and I hope he will do so, if it shall be for his glory and your future happiness. He knows what is best, and to Him I would commit myself.

Permit me to say a few words of my wishes to you, in case I should be removed from you and this world, in the time of trial. In that case it is my earnest wish that our darling son should receive a part of his education amid the better influences of the North, among my friends.

I would particularly wish that he should be under the care of Mrs. Banister of Newburyport, if possible, as I have a higher opinion of her skill in training young minds, than of that of any one else.

Will you not, dearest husband, grant this request? And oh, seek yourself to train him in the right way, by such precept and example, in words and actions, as you would wish him to follow; and if I am permitted a humble hope of attaining everlasting life, *will not you, beloved husband, seek (by attaining that same hope)*

the everlasting union with me, which is the desire of my soul? Seek to find the will of God by his word and by prayer, and may he, in his infinite mercy, lead you into all truth, and wash away all your sins in the precious blood of Jesus. May God grant that after this present life we may meet, and enjoy an eternity of happiness in his presence.

Your own true and affectionate wife,

S. C. MAXWELL.

TO MRS. BANISTER.

MY DEAR FRIEND: If I should be called away from this world while my dear child is yet young, it is my earnest desire that my husband should send him to the North, for a part, at least, of his education. Can I ask of you, if, in that case, you would take a superintendence of him? Your kindness to me in past days has been inexpressible. Will you not transfer your friendship to the child, and seek to exert over him an influence that shall tend to the renovation and purification of his soul,—that so one of the fondest desires of a mother's love may be fulfilled, that her darling may be made meet to inherit the world of glory? This, with the salvation of my husband, is my warmest desire. May God bless and keep you ever, is the prayer of your friend,

S. C. MAXWELL.

Tuskaloosa, July 1, 1846.

JOURNAL. Nov. 8. To-day my little darling, John Thomas, is three months old. He was born the day before my dear mother, at the ripe age of 76, was called from time to eternity. She is gone, I trust, to be where Jesus is. Oh, that her spirit might be sent to watch kindly over her little grandson, who was born into this world the day after her birth into the heavenly rest.

And my first cherub, too, my first-born and early lost, will not she be sent to protect from ills and guide the sweet brothers? Is it wrong to indulge in thoughts and wishes like these, where the Scriptures are silent?

Mr. Maxwell left last Wednesday for New York. May God protect him and bring him back in safety. God is good. To him I commend my life's best treasures.

The last two Saturdays I have attended Rev. Mr. White's Bible class, and it has sweetly recalled many tender associations. It reminds me of old Ipswich, and of the dear teachers from whose lips I drew instruction. Those lips did distil as the dew, and it was of honey sweetness.

March 4, 1847, Sabbath. I have many blessings. May God give me a thankful heart. I am afraid my heart is very cold towards him; yet methinks the de-

sire of my heart is to be conformed to the divine will. In one respect I think I gain, in finding out *my work*; the work my Creator intends for me. I seem to approach a clearness of vision as to what is my *vocation*. Oh, that I might more wholly live to do good, to glorify God, to exemplify the spirit of Jesus!

April 4. The weather is like June. Mr. White's sermon, this morning, from the 139th Psalm, on the nature of man, was interesting. At the Bible class yesterday, our lesson was in Acts xv., the first council. Some things in the lesson lean, I think, decidedly towards Congregationalism. Mr. White remarked to me after the meeting, that he held that a leaning that way was better than a leaning the other way. Congregationalists, he said, had always been found on the side of truth and right.

My husband has been very prosperous in his business the last year. Oh, that he would give as much thought to the interests of his soul as to the concerns of time! For me, — oh that I might serve the Lord! Lord, what wouldst thou have me to do? Some work there is for me, no doubt, could I but find it and set about it. I see some appointments more clearly than I once did. Shall light be given me? *Will I follow conscientiously what I have?*

May 8. An Episcopal Convention has been held here the past week, and this morning, Mr. White being out of town, Mr. Maxwell and myself attended the Episcopal service. Mr. Knapp preached. His subject was, the making the waters of Marah sweet. The sermon was good. I admire the service, but I am farther than ever from believing in the peculiar forms of that church. At the communion, no invitation was extended to members of other churches. In that service I felt an irrepressible desire to drink at the fountain of purity, peace, and love. What earth-worms are we, I thought, as I looked around: I was, I am,—but a desire to partake of something better, to rise above these sensual enjoyments, has been imparted to me; and will not He who breathed the desire into my soul, give also the satisfying draught? Oh that I had the wings of an angel!

CHAPTER XIV.

Voyage to England — Chester — Carlisle — Visits to Relatives — Lake District of England.

MR. MAXWELL had long been desirous to take his wife to the scenes of his childhood, among the Cumberland mountains. In the summer of 1848, Mrs. Maxwell, perceiving that his health required more relaxation from care and business than he would be likely to take if he remained at home, consented to leave their two sons in charge of his mother, and accompany him on a voyage to England.

After deciding to go with her husband, Mrs. Maxwell added to the letter to him, dated July, 1846, the following paragraph.

TUSKALOOSA, June 25, 1848.

God has been pleased to spare my life to the present time, and now my dear husband and myself are anticipating a voyage to England. If we should be

removed by death, the above letter still expresses the desire of my heart for both my dear boys.

S. C. MAXWELL.

Mrs. Maxwell's notes of that voyage and visit, taken in haste and with pencil merely to assist her own recollection, along with her letters to her friends at home, exhibit her careful observation, fine taste, and quiet enthusiasm, while they convey much exact and reliable information to the untravelled.

We proceed to give some extracts from her letters and journal.

Her first letter from England is to her cousin C., the early and beloved friend of her youth.

It is dated,

COCKERMOUTH, Aug. 7, 1848.

I promised myself that the first letter I wrote in England should be to you. The first fortnight has passed away, and not one hour has there been till now which I could quietly devote to you. We had a very good passage across the wide Atlantic, but as I was sick two thirds of the time I could not much enjoy it. We were nineteen days from New York, and when Ireland came in sight like a cloud in the horizon, though I had been lying on the sofa all day, I crept up the stairs of the ladies' cabin, to catch a

sight of land. We arrived at Liverpool on the morning of the 26th of July, and remained there that day. It is a great city, but I saw no dwelling-houses equal in beauty to the handsomest in New York. On one side of the city there are some very elevated sites, commanding a fine view of the sea and the surrounding country. We did not remain there long enough to visit the public buildings.

The next morning after we arrived, we crossed the Mersey and took the railroad, twelve miles, to Chester, one of the most ancient and most peculiar cities in the kingdom. It was founded by the Romans nearly 1800 years ago. The wall which they built around the city has been kept in good repair ever since, although the inhabitants have spread themselves beyond it. It is a mile and three fourths in circumference, and affords a most delightful walk.

The first thing we did after we reached Chester was to take a fly four miles to Eaton Hall, one of the magnificent modern palaces of England, belonging to the Marquis of Westminster. Passing out of the gate of Chester we crossed the river Dee, which flows around the walls. The stone bridge which spans it has only one arch, the longest arch, it is said, in the kingdom. The gateway leading to the grounds of Eaton Hall is highly ornamented with sculpture, the arms of the family, greyhounds, wheat sheafs, &c.

Rooms are built on each side of the gateway, but the porter lives a mile or two farther on, in a lodge of much the same appearance, but of ampler dimensions. It is a beautiful building, nearly covered with ivy, and surrounded by flowers. I enjoyed the ride through these grounds very highly. The smooth road, the beautiful shrubs, among which the holly and laurel of shining leaf are conspicuous, the noble oaks, the sward of richest green, kept in fine order, with the reposing cattle, the sheep and numerous deer, make a picture of quiet beauty. The drive is four miles on this side the Hall, and five or six on the other.

The Hall itself is of a light brown stone. The windows are Gothic, but the tall ornaments around the roof give it an appearance of lightness. It is a grand building. The old marquis is dead, and the young one is giving the Hall a thorough repair inside, so that we could not go in. I gathered a monthly rose and one or two white daises from the walls.

TO HER SISTER.

The day after our arrival in Liverpool we visited the old cathedral of Chester, a large Gothic pile, with a low, massive tower. A part of it was originally a nunnery, built by Walpherus, king of the Mercians, for his daughter, St. Werburgh, to whom it was dedi-

cated. The greater part of it was built in the time of the sixth, seventh, and eighth Henries. It is built of the red sandstone of the country; so also are the castle, the walls, and a part of the city; the brick of the remaining buildings corresponds in color.

The appearance of the church is exceedingly ancient; many stones seem to be dropping from their places. In the nave we saw many slabs in memory of the dead. They are inserted in the pavement, in the side walls, and even in the pillars. In a side aisle is a large picture of tapestry, three hundred years old, representing Elymas the sorcerer struck blind. The colors are still brilliant. The choir is exceedingly rich in ancient tabernacle work, carved in oak. The organ was playing, and several persons were present to enjoy it. There are two magnificent painted windows opposite the choir. In the side aisle we saw the stone coffin of an ancient knight, which was lately brought to light from its hiding-place in the wall, and is supposed to be six hundred years old. Against the wall, near the floor, are some tombs of the old abbots, on one of which I sat down to rest.

We were conducted into the chapter, where we saw a very old library, a centre-table, and a strong oak chest which contains the ancient records of the church. Here we saw a stone with a Roman inscrip-

tion, denoting that a mile of the walls was built by a certain legion in the reign of the emperor Maximus. In the old cloisters, the most ancient part of the building, where nuns and monks had paced so oft in those old, old times, grim faces sculptured in the stone frowned on us from the walls. These cloisters form one side of a court, whose living verdure is refreshing to the age. On another side stands the parish church, and on the third the bishop's palace, a low house of red stone with small windows. The doors of the cathedral are of solid oak, both ancient and rough in their aspect.

The streets of Chester are very narrow, and paved with small round stones. The houses have an open gallery, ten or fifteen feet wide, jutting out over the lower story, on which people walk. Most of the houses wear a look of great age. One very old, labelled about 1600, bears the inscription on panes set in lead, "God's providence is my inheritance." It is the only house which was spared in the time of the plague.

The Adam and Eve House, the inn of Chester, has compartments in front above the lower story, the first of which exhibits in bas-relief our first parents, the second the death of Abel, and so on. The city is surrounded by a stone wall which was built by the Romans, and has been kept to this day in excellent

repair. This wall is six feet wide, is defended on one side by a parapet and on the other by a railing, and extends quite around the city. It furnishes a charming promenade, and affords many beautiful views.

Most of the towers on the walls of Chester are in a ruinous condition. One of them contains a small museum kept by an old woman. She showed us a plaster cast of a foot which she said was the Queen's, but I found upon it the inscription, "*Venus de Medici*." All the same, doubtless, to the old woman. The view from the top of that tower is exquisite. The green meadows divided by hedges, the charming seats in the neighborhood, the river Dee, blue and shining beneath the clear sky, the mountains of Wales in the distance,—all these formed a lovely picture. The rapture of youth seemed to dance in my veins as I looked on the scene and inhaled the fresh breeze.

In her journal, she notes with peculiar interest the visit to her husband's early home, the kind reception they everywhere met, and her impressions of the Lake District of England.

Maryport, July 28. Embarking again, last evening, on the Irish Sea, we left Liverpool for Carlisle. As we steamed up the Solway Frith, along the lovely shore of Cumberland, we had Scotland on our left and

England on our right, while away in the distance on the Scottish side, the high Criffel could be plainly discerned towering among the clouds.

The last twelve miles to Carlisle we travelled by canal. On reaching the city we went directly to the house of Mr. Maxwell's uncle, where we met with a warm greeting. We visited the ancient castle there. It stands on an eminence over the river Eden. There is an outer and an inner wall, each very thick, and a great square town. The castle must be very strong, and, so far as I could see, impregnable. It was built by William the Conqueror. Soldiers were pacing in the courts. In front is a moat. The ramparts command a fine view. The castle, towers, walls, and barracks, are all of red sandstone. The city stands on a gentle eminence, and the river Eden runs below through a smiling country. This was my first realization of the old castles of which I had so long dreamed. Perhaps they are less majestic, less lofty, than I had imagined.

At six o'clock we left Carlisle, and came by rail to this place. Mr. Maxwell's relatives gave us a hearty welcome, and I already feel much at home.

Maryport is situated on a high shore of the Solway, and contains six or seven thousand inhabitants. The streets are narrow and paved with round stones, very clean, but difficult for unaccustomed feet. Near

us is a delightful walk on the terrace right above the sea and ships, while a part of the town lies below the cliff, on the very sea-shore. Walking along this terrace, on the grass and flowers, we came to a field once a Roman camp; some remains of the wall are yet to be seen. Many stones found there have lately been removed to the hall owned by Mr. Senhouse, the lord of the manor. The town is at the mouth of the Ellen River, and when it was but an insignificant hamlet it was called Ellenfort, but after Mary Stuart in her flight from Scotland landed here, the name was changed to Maryport. The hills and fields are covered with the bluebell and Scotch heather, of which I have heard so much. The heather is not unlike thyme.

After resting a few days at Maryport, Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell went seven miles inland, to visit the ancient borough of Cockermouth, his birthplace. All his near relatives had removed from the place, most of them to Tuskaloosa. The companions of his school-boy days met them at the station, and they went to the residence of one of them. While there Mrs. M. wrote:—

From the bridge over the Derwent, we had a grand view of the old castle of which I had so often heard Mr. Maxwell talk,—a romantic ruin, on a high hill in

the fork just at the conference of the rivers Derwent and Cocker. The castle is said to be over eight hundred years old. It is now covered with ivy. With its towers and battlements, it must have been a stronghold in feudal times.

While at Cockermouth Mr. M., at whose house we were staying, made a party, and invited quite a number of Mr. Maxwell's early friends and acquaintances; an intelligent and interesting company. It was convivial and sumptuous, in accordance with the open-hearted Cumberland notions of hospitality. The ladies withdrew at an early hour, and the gentlemen returned and remained until two o'clock, drinking toasts and making speeches according to Cumbrian custom. Mr. M. was the lion of the occasion, and they drew from him several speeches in response to toasts to Tuscaloosa, Alabama, the United States, and, among the rest, to the health and happiness of his wife. From all I could gather, he represented his adopted country with credit; indeed, the gentlemen insisted, with eloquence, which I was ready enough to believe.

The Southern part of our country was an enigma to his friends, and indeed, it astonished me everywhere, even among well-informed and educated persons, to find the laws and the theory of our government, federal and State, so little understood. Very few

had any conception of the union of independent States under a general central government. On these points Mr. Maxwell, his old friends said, had enlarged to their gratification. I was glad to find that he had pointed out the superior position which woman holds in the eye of the law, as to property, in all our States. English law is certainly behind ours in this respect. These gentlemen are intelligent and young, and some of them have influence now and may have more, and this conversation may set them to thinking. One of them, Mr. Richardson, is Grand Master of the Order of Odd Fellows of England, representing over 300,000 members. Mr. M. told them what an advantage had been gained to the same order in the United States by abandoning the English custom of having their lodges in public houses, where young men so often form habits of intemperance. The Grand Master replied to this, that he had made note of it, and after remarking that he had received his first lesson in odd-fellowship from Mr. Maxwell, who was Vice Grand Master of the lodge which he (Mr. Richardson) joined at the time of his initiation, added that he would not forget this, his last lesson.

Aug. 4. After tea, last evening, we walked to Papcastle, about one mile from Cockermouth, to visit an interesting Quaker family. In Mr. M.'s youthful

days they had shown him the greatest kindness. When he decided to seek a home in our country, they gave him the most substantial tokens of friendship, in the shape of clothing, books, and money, adding to it counsels which Mr. M. has found the secret of his worldly prosperity. They gave us a warm welcome. Their lovely house is the abode of neatness, comfort, and taste.

In company with our friends, we have to-day visited the old castle here, the church, and the burial-ground of the Maxwell family. As we sauntered about the walls and towers and turrets of the old castle on the hill, my husband seemed transported to the days of his childhood and youth, and enjoyed the gambols and sports of the past as if he were again a boy.

On the morning of August 5, we set out in an open carriage, on a jaunt to the lakes and mountains of the neighborhood. The lakes Crummock and Buttermere, are gems of beauty, set in the most picturesque mountains, Grassmoor on one side, and Melbreak on the other. After a delightful sail, we returned to the inn, and dined on fish fresh from the lake. Buttermere as seen from many different points is surpassingly lovely. We returned by Lowes Water, another charming lake. I do not wonder at Mr. M.'s enthusiasm about Cumberland scenery. Can anything in Switzerland surpass it?

August 5. To-day, riding through another beautiful chain of mountains, we came to Keswick and Borrowdale. The view of Derwent Water from the mountain side, with the lovely islands reposing on its bosom, the town itself nestling so sweetly beneath the hills, and majestic Skiddaw in the background, is indescribably picturesque. Southey's house, on the side of a hill which we passed to-day, is of a light yellow color, deeply shaded with trees, and commands a lovely view. The rocks and mountains in the vale of Borrowdale are grand and rugged in the extreme. Borrowdale rock, the largest boulder in England, stands like a ship on its keel, poised so nicely that it seems as though a child could rock it, but it is so large that there is a garden on the top of it to which visitors go by a ladder. Mr. Maxwell and I shook hands through what might be termed the keeled part. We visited the waterfalls of Lodore, celebrated by Southey in an endless amount of jingling rhyme. Returning to Cockermouth by way of Bassenthwaite Lake, we rode over a road cut out of the foot of a mountain skirting the lake, with Skiddaw on the opposite side rising proudly to the clouds.

Sunday, Aug. 6. To-day we have worshipped in the Independent Chapel where Mr. Maxwell's family

were worshippers for more than a hundred years. We intended if we could to occupy the old family pew of his father, but when we arrived at the church it was filled with the family of a schoolmate of Mr. M. It was communion Sabbath, and after an excellent sermon from Mr. Davidson, I partook of the sacrament with a large number of friends of the family. Oh, how I wished that my husband could do so too!

Aug. 8. On our way to-day from Cockermouth to Keswick and Ambleside, we passed the Dunmarl remains, a large pile of stones, a cairn as it is called, in memory of Edmund's victory over Dunmarl, the last king of Cumberland. Edmund gave the territory to Malcolm.

Continuing our trip, we passed Grassmere Lake, near the village where Coleridge once resided, a lovely sheet of water. Rydal water, near by, is a small lake, pond we should call it at home, but set in the most beautiful scenery. The towering heights of Knabb Scar rise on the right, and Loughrigg Fell on the left. Rydal Mount, the residence of Wordsworth, is a projection of Knabb Scar. A church, standing near the poet's cottage, hid it from our view.

The village of Ambleside, our next resting-place, is a mile from the head of Windermere, the largest

of these celebrated English lakes. This lake is but eleven miles long and one broad. It reposes in soft and graceful beauty. The coloring of the foliage is rich beyond the pencil of any painter to depict. Villas and cottages are scattered amidst the woods which surround it. The view of the mountains from the lake, and of Langdale Pike, with its two pointed tops lying like clouds against the sky, is grand. While we were riding on its bosom, the dark ground of the sky was illuminated by lightning, and the thunder echoed and re-echoed to add to the grandeur of the scene.

Returning to our inn at Ambleside, we rested well, rose refreshed, and at half past six the next morning we started on a walk of two miles to Miss Martineau's house. It stands beside a small church, and fronts on Rydal Lake. We plucked a few leaves and flowers from her garden, and then went on two miles farther, to get a near view of Wordsworth's cottage. The church near his house is small and beautiful. His house is of stone, as are all the houses about these shores, built in the old style, irregular, and commanding a magnificent view. It is almost hidden by shrubbery and flowers; fuschia are in bloom by the door. A splendid piece of Mosaic work in front of his grounds, with the word "Salve" inlaid, we understood to be a gift sent to him from Italy. The

Knabb Scar rises majestically on the right. Plucking a few leaves as mementoes of our visit, we returned to our inn at Ambleside to breakfast with Mr. and Mrs. F. from Ipswich, England.

With Mr. and Mrs. F., friends whom we had made in our excursion, we visited Ulleswater and journeyed to Keswick. On Kirkstone top, which we passed that day together, stands an inn bearing the inscription, "This is the highest inhabited spot in England; 1,400 feet above the level of the sea!" The view from this height is grand. On the road, we had fine views of Windermere, and a distant view of Brothers Water, a small lake enclosed by bare mountains, with great fragments of rock scattered around. It is no wonder that Southey, Wordsworth, and Coleridge chose such a country for a home. The romantic scenery certainly inspires the poetic mood.

Wordsworth was born at Cockermouth, very near the same acre of ground as Mr. Maxwell. The houses in which they were born were pointed out to me.

At Patterdale, at the end of Ulleswater Lake, where we lunched, the hotel is surrounded with beautiful gardens, while grand mountains rise in front and around. Mrs. F. here took a sketch of a little church. On one end of it was the inscription:—

“This building’s age these letters show,

D C C X I X .

Though many gaze, yet few will know !”

The scenery around Ulleswater and the lake is indescribably fine.

Approaching Keswick, we had a good view of Lyulph’s tower, a hunting-seat belonging to Henry Howard, Esq., of Corby, to whom it was given by his uncle the duke of Norfolk. Saddleback on our right was cleaving the clouds, while on our left, at a distance, four mountains rose one above another, fainter and more cloudy. The vale of St. John’s, and Castle Rock, a freak of nature resembling a strong castle, lie below. We crossed the Greta just before we entered Keswick. Here our travelling companions engaged lodgings for several days, and we parted from them with sincere regret, having found Ipswich in Old England their native place, and Ipswich in New England my native home, quite a bond of union between us.

Here they found letters from home from their children. Would that I could find letters at Cocker-mouth from my darlings in Tuskaloosa.

A day or two later she writes :—

The scenery about Cockermouth reminds me much of New England. An air of taste and elegance pervades the house of Mr. H. I do not wonder that Mr. Maxwell is so much attached to these old friends. At Brigham Hill, Mr. Joseph H.'s house and grounds are delightful. As Mrs. H. had corn meal in the house, I engaged to rise in season to show her how to make our corn-bread. It was relished highly. It is a pity that this bread is not used in England; it is so wholesome. After breakfast we took leave of these kind friends, and went by railway to Uncle M.'s in Maryport, in about an hour. Next morning before eight o'clock we set off for Whitehaven. This is the town in which Paul Jones served his apprenticeship as a sailor, and which afterwards, during the Revolutionary war, he entered as commander of one of our vessels, to the astonishment of all British subjects, who thought St. George's Channel entirely their own. We visited Lowther Castle, a massive and handsome mansion. The grounds are very beautiful. The main gate is of open iron work, and looks down a street of Whitehaven, but otherwise, the high walls shut you up completely. "My Lord Lowther" was expected. In the hall are two oak Cupids and two remarkable Roman blocks of stone. The furniture of the saloon is yellow, the color always hoisted by the Lowthers at elections. There are

pictures of hunting scenes, and of Hero finding the dead body of Leander. Among the family pictures is one of Farthing Jimmy Lowther of the olden times, who gave a farthing to every beggar that came to his gate. He is represented in that act. We went into the present lord's bedroom, where the furniture is plain. This establishment is said to be quite inferior to Lowther Castle, near Penrith, the seat of the Earl of Lonsdale, who owns this and several other estates.

August 14. After dinner we went by railway along the sea-coast to Flimby Lodge, where Mr. Maxwell's great-grandfather first made his appearance in England. Before that time, the family had lived in Scotland.

Aug. 15. We rode to Wigton, called on Aunt Alice, looked around the town, and saw the place where Mr. M.'s maternal grandfather had lived, and then took the train for Carlisle.

Aug. 16. We went to Naworth Castle, a baronial stronghold in feudal times. The castle stands lower than the road, and behind it runs the beck, as small rivers are called here in Cumberland. It has two towers in front, on the right and left, and makes a

most stately appearance. We went up narrow stone stairs to Lord Willie's tower, which we entered by a door with massive bolts. His bedroom with its panellings of oak is hung around with ancient tapestry, now nearly destroyed by time, only one piece remaining entire. An old oak bedstead stands in a corner. The fireplace is elegantly carved, with the oak cases of the ancient library above. A vast book written on parchment and enclosed in oak boards, contains the history of Joseph of Arimathea. Another is full of genealogies, the parchment still white and well illustrated. A manuscript book in "Belted Lord Willie's" own handwriting is in a very neat hand. It was a very great pleasure to touch these relics of antiquity. In an oratory we found paintings of the crucifixion and flagellation, the colors and gilding still brilliant. The arms and scallops and ragged staff are well preserved. The old Baronial Hall has a new floor of stone in diamonds. While we were in it, Lady Mary Howard passed through it, dressed in black, with a lead-colored jacket, and a cap trimmed with white. She bowed to us kindly as she passed, and we were happy to return the civility.

After admiring the tapestry and pictures, we walked through the woods behind the castle to Lanercost priory, a magnificent ruin, whose lofty massive arches are venerable with ivy. We then proceeded to

Korby Castle, and after exploring it, rambled about on the banks of the Eden until we returned to Carlisle.

Aug. 17. This is a day of comfort, for it has brought us letters from home, telling us of the health of our darling children.

CHAPTER XV.

Jaunt to Scotland.

ON the 17th of August Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell left Carlisle on a tour to Scotland, and soon passed the line which divides it from England. We give extracts from her journal and letters.

On the border is a great bog of purple heather. We passed Gretna. The blacksmith's, where so many runaway matches have been consummated, is less than half a mile from the railway station. The cattle on the Scotch side of the line are black; most that I saw in Cumberland were white. Keeping sheep seems to be the main business. The clay and sod cottages that we passed were perfectly green on the roof, and looked quite romantic. As we approached Glasgow, the blast-furnaces in the iron district, sometimes twenty in sight at a time, gave a fairylike look to the country at night.

Glasgow, Scotland, Aug. 18. As Mr. M. had a letter from brother James to Mr. Stoddard of this city, we called at his office this morning, and soon found that he was a New England man, and that both his sister and his wife were acquaintances and friends of mine at the Ipswich school. He invited us to become his guests, and when we told him we must leave the city this evening, he sent for a carriage and accompanied us to the different objects of interest, sending word to Mrs. Stoddard that an old friend would dine with her, without mentioning any name. We rode to the green and to the old salt market,—we could not find where Bailie Nicol Jarvie lived. The college, four hundred years old, is a gloomy place, black with age. A grim lion with open mouth sits on one staircase, and on the opposite, a unicorn.

On going to the old cathedral I was delighted to find Scott's description of it in *Rob Roy* exactly correct. It is a majestic edifice in the early English style, with rich clustered stone pillars; its unrivalled old crypt at once recalled Andrew and Osbaldistone. A room beneath, which has long been filled with earth, on being lately cleared out and opened to the light, disclosed a beautiful chapel. One unsightly tower is about to be removed. The churchyard is nearly paved with slabs for the dead. Crossing a small stream we came to the Necropolis, or city of

the dead, which is built in imitation of Pere La Chaise in Paris. It contains many elegant monuments, of which the most striking though not the most tasteful, is an obelisk to the memory of John Knox, the great reformer.

Mr. Stoddard resides on a square, surrounded by beautiful edifices, with a garden in the centre laid out most tastefully. We enjoyed the dinner at his house much. Mrs. S. did not know what friend she was to expect, and when she met me in her parlor, she embraced me most affectionately, calling me Miss Farley, and seeming overjoyed at the surprise. It was delightful to me to meet with an old friend in this distant land.

Aug. 19. This morning before breakfast I went to Dunbarton Castle. Only the lowest wall remains. The wind was so high that I was almost blown away while ascending to the top of the rock and castle. The sword of Wallace is preserved in the armory. I stood in the very cell where Mary Queen of Scots was imprisoned and from which she escaped. A head of false Menteith is cut in stone over the gate. The place where they let down a drawbridge was shown us by a soldier.

After breakfast we took a coach for the country rendered so interesting by Scott. Passing along the

beautiful vale of the river Leven, celebrated by Smollet, and crossing at Balloch the suspension bridge inscribed with the arms of Sir James Colquhoun, we came upon a magnificent view of Loch Lomond, and soon after were afloat on its crystal waters. The scenery around us was not modified by art and labor, as in the lake district of Cumberland, but wild as nature left it, enchanting, a panoramâ of beauty. Sailing among its islands, looking on the heather-clad mountains and on the rocks piled in confusion to the sky, the visions created by Burns and Scott in the days of my youth were more than realized, and the blood danced in my veins for joy.

We landed near Inversnaid Mill, and after collecting some rare plants, began our toilsome ascent up the lofty Ben Lomond. The cataract near the mill brought to mind Wordsworth's "Sweet Highland Girl." But oh, such a hill as we did climb near the summit of Ben Lomond! and then as we descended on the other side, through the bleak and bare McGregor country, how sweetly the lovely Loch Katrine broke upon our pleased sight. With my own eyes I now beheld the scene of "The Lady of the Lake." A little steamboat, not much wider than an American railway carriage, was waiting to receive us. Mr. Maxwell brought from a cottage near by, some oatmeal bread which had to serve us for dinner. While

we were on the lake, a cloud came up and it rained a little, and a rainbow which spanned the lake made a glorious arch directly over the island of the Lady. The glassy lake, the lofty mountains clothed in mist, the shrubbery on Ellen's Isle, the arch encircling all, with the Scotchman in kilts at the prow, screaming from the bagpipe the wild music of the McGregors, made a scene of enchantment such as I had long ago conceived but had hardly expected to realize.

On leaving Loch Katrine, our way to Stirling through the Trossachs, took us by Loch Achray and Loch Vennachar, a most broken, wild, and romantic country. We passed Doune Castle, where Queen Mary spent the first days after her marriage with Darnley, and in a moment afterwards had a clear view of Stirling Castle on its high rock sixteen miles off, illuminated by a ray of the sun so as to look like marble towers, while all around, enveloped in mist, was dark, gloomy, and rainy.

On the side of the castle below the high rock, the royal gardens lie uncultivated. On another side of the castle is the tournament ground with "Lady's Hill" still remaining, where the ladies used to sit and watch the sports.

On passing the inner gateway the first object that attracts the eye is the new palace, as it is called, which was built by James V. It is elaborately orna-

mented, with pillars surmounted by grotesque figures in stone. The effect is very fine and unlike anything we have elsewhere seen. The room in which James VI. was educated, is now occupied by a serjeant and his family. They have many birds and flowers, and gave me some fine geraniums. We went into a small neglected flower-garden, where kings and queens, Mary Queen of Scots among them, have often walked and disported themselves. How soon the great and the gay pass away. In an angle made by the wall of this garden, which forms a portion of the ramparts, Victoria and Albert stood, in their visit here in 1842, and pondered, perchance, on the changes time has wrought. Did they dream that their own splendid Windsor might on some future day share a like destiny? Their initials are cut in the wall over the place where they stood. The view from this standpoint in the garden is truly magnificent. The Forth winds like a tangled serpent in the plain between the castle and the Ochill hills on the north. The tower of Cambus Kenneth is seen in the distance; smiling villages and cultivated fields of wheat, oats, and barley, scattered over the richest valley in Scotland, feast the soul. Ben Lomond, the Alps of Arrochar, Ben Crohan, and other venerable mountains meet the eye on the west. On our north were Douglas's room, Queen Mary's Chapel, the dungeon where Roderick

Dhu was confined, the inner square new palace, the old palace, the church, and the Parliament House. We went into Grey Friar's church, where the unhappy Mary Stuart was crowned in 1543, when an infant of nine months, and where, at the crowning of her infant son twenty-two years afterwards, John Knox preached that coronation sermon in which he told the people so many hard truths. His old pulpit is kept here still.

After visiting other places of historical interest around Stirling, Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell went to Perth, and thence to Edinburgh. Under date of Sept. 9, she writes to her sister:—

We were at Edinburgh on the 22d ult. The old castle is on a rocky eminence like that at Stirling. In war, especially in old times, it must have been inaccessible, except along the street and up the ridge on the end of which it stands. The people could flee into it and be safe.

We went into the room where the ancient regalia of Scotland are kept, which look as fresh as if new. They lie on an oval table of pure white marble, on a cushion of crimson velvet; a sword, sceptre, crown, silver rod, and jewels. At Holyrood House, Queen Mary's apartments are still furnished with the crim-

son and yellow damask. The drapery of the bed and counterpane is very much soiled and tattered. The bed is railed around to keep "hands off." Her little boudoir is hung with the tapestry which she brought from France, and it contains a small oval looking-glass, the first that was ever seen in Scotland. The chambers have a very gloomy look, which accords well with their associations. Lord Darnley's boots and armor are preserved in the little room where Rizzio supped with Mary on the night of his murder. Mr. Maxwell tried on Darnley's helmet. A portrait of Rizzio hangs over the fire-place; it is a handsome, youthful face, with an expression of melancholy. A miniature of Mary in the same room is beautiful. They showed a spot stained with Rizzio's blood, but I think the floor was waxed in that place. We visited the ruins of the chapel where Mary was crowned and married. The rooms on the other side of the palace, which were occupied by George IV., and for two years by the family of Charles X. of France, have a more modern and cheerful aspect, although much of the old furniture is retained.

From Edinburgh we rode out to Roslin. The castle is a ruin. The chapel is still entire, although more than four hundred years old. It is the richest specimen of sculpture we have yet seen. Every arch, pillar, cornice, and capital, is covered with the most

elaborate carving, and though the designs are varied, the whole produces on the mind the impression of unity. Nearly all the carving in stone, in and about the building, represents historical scenes from the Old and New Testaments. The Bible history is fairly engraved in stone. You can begin at the base of a pillar with a story, take Joseph's, for instance, and trace his entire history from the plains of Dotham to his death in Egypt.

From Roslin we crossed the Esk, and went down the romantic glen to see the velvet lawns and rich old trees of Hawthornden, the seat of Drummond, the patronizing friend of Ben Jonson. The place is still in the poet's family. We went into the cave where it is said Drummond composed his poems. There are old towers remaining of the eleventh and twelfth centuries. In front of the house is an immense plane-tree, older, perhaps, than the towers, with rustic seats beneath, where, it is said, Drummond sat when Jonson paid him a visit, and the greeting ran,

“Welcome, welcome, royal Ben.”

“Thank ye, thank ye, Hawthornden.”

TO HER YOUNGEST BROTHER.

MELROSE, Scotland, Aug. 24, 1848.

It is strange and delightful to be in the midst of

scenes made memorable by the author of *Waverley*, and I think I must write to you from this interesting spot.

Abbotsford is occupied by young Lockhart and his sister, the grandchildren of Sir Walter. On arriving here last night from Edinburgh, we found that the mansion is open to visitors only on Wednesdays and Fridays from one to five o'clock, so we are obliged to wait to see it until to-morrow afternoon. But our time has been fully occupied in seeing old Melrose and climbing Eildon Hill. The last was exceedingly muddy and slippery in the ascent, but rewarded us for our toil by one of the most extensive views in the lowlands of Scotland. All about us was fairy land. Melrose Abbey, with its village of thatched roofs and here and there a house of more pretension, lay below us. North of it the river Tweed, and Gattonside hills, from which Cromwell's army battered the sides of the Abbey. Above these hills rise those of Lammermuir, (you remember the *Bride of Lammermuir*.)

I must tell you something of Melrose, and perhaps I cannot do better than transcribe from my notebook a page or two written within the ruin itself.

I write this sitting in Melrose Abbey up some stairs, under a doorway in the northern side. I see the grand south window opposite, the small bell above, and the trees and sky beyond. On the north are the

Gattonside Hills. Above stands the figure of St. Peter, about as perfect as it was seven hundred years ago. Down in the corner of the chancel is the tomb which tradition assigns to Michael Scott the wizard, who, among other feats clave in two the Eildon hill. I have some flowers from his grave.

Now I am sitting on the gravestone of Alexander II., one of Scotland's best kings. I look up at the noble east window, the finest in the building. It is thirty-seven feet in height and sixteen in breadth. The upper part is interwoven with tracery, peculiarly light, graceful, and beautiful. Near this spot the heart of Robert Bruce is said to have been buried, after Sir James Douglas's ineffectual attempt to convey it to Jerusalem. At the corner of the choir opposite, the ivy creeps up, beautifying the ruins. The swallows are twittering, and the pigeons are cooing overhead. The ground inside is covered with a beautiful carpet of short and bright green grass, spotted with white daisies. The fleecy clouds and the deep blue of the sky between, form the canopy of this part, for only small portions of the roof remain. How quiet it is !

Mr. M. had gone up a winding staircase with the guide, but just now he calls me to come up and see the prospect from the top of the southern transept. So up I go. The stairs are better than those of any of the towers and steeples I have ascended, less worn

at the edge, and of good size. The good old guide met me at the top with a pretty bunch of small flowers, which he had gathered on this grass and flower-overgrown roof. I cannot by description do justice to this place. It is not so elaborately rich as Roslin Chapel. The carving is a more exact and perfect imitation of nature. On one cornice, less exposed to the weather than most parts, the different sorts of leaves, oak, rose, lilies, &c., are distinctly to be recognized, as easily as modern drawings of them would be.

I long ago received a strong impression of the beauty of Melrose, from Sir Walter Scott's description in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," and I must acknowledge that at first I was rather disappointed. Its close vicinity to the village rather detracts from the effect as seen without. The thatched houses extend entirely to the gate by which you enter, but when once within you notice this no more. I had expected to see the stone nearly as white and fine as marble; but this is not the case. However, I much enjoyed our leisurely examination of it, and I doubt not my admiration would increase with every visit.

This morning, the 25th, I rose early and walked to the Abbey before breakfast, to take a last look and find some places not before noticed. The morning sun was streaming through the eastern window with beautiful effect on the lofty arches and ivy covered

walls. Multitudes of swallows were flying and twittering about among the towers and roofs, as if rejoicing in their secure and lofty abode. It was rather chilly and the grass damp. Indeed, it is cold all the time. We cannot be comfortable without a fire, and I do not remember any day since we came to the country to have felt a warm, soft, balmy summer air. It has rained nearly every day. But to-day the sky looks bright and promising, at which I rejoice, for I should be sorry to have our visit to Abbotsford spoiled. Abbotsford is three miles from here, and after visiting there we shall go immediately to Kelso, stopping at Dryburgh by the way, to look at the last resting-place of Sir Walter Scott.

Aug. 28. Here we are with our friends at Maryport. They could not be more friendly, were we brothers and sisters instead of cousins. We visited Abbotsford, and I hope to give you a description of this romance of a house when we meet.

To-morrow is the birthday of our eldest darling, James Robert, who will then be four years old. At Eildon Hill I could not but look to the southwest, where are my jewels, my heart's treasures, and say, Oh, dearer than all other sights would be the sight of them! Kiss your children for me. Mr. M.'s kindest regards to sister C. Dear brother, farewell. May every blessing attend you.

In a letter to her sister, written subsequently to the last, she gives an account of her visit to Abbotsford.

Between twelve and one o'clock we set off for Abbotsford. The time of opening the house was two, instead of one as we had supposed. So we rambled for an hour through the pleasant grounds, among the trees of birch, oak, larch, cedar, and many other varieties, nearly all, I suppose, planted by the hands of Sir Walter himself.

The house is a very irregular pile. Each tower is different from every other, and even each window. In the front, at the side of the door, the favorite dog of Sir Walter is cut in stone. There is a fountain on the other side, but it was not playing. In the hall where we entered, the floor is of black and white marble in diamonds. The walls and ceiling are of oak, richly carved. The windows are of stained glass, very rich. The ceiling and the cornice of the room are adorned with paintings of the coats of arms of the different border chiefs. The walls are hung with armor, casques, breastplates, and swords. Two complete suits of ancient armor of steel occupy two niches in the wall. The tables are covered with the skins of wild animals. The chimney-piece is of marble, of very beautiful design, taken from the ruins

of Melrose Abbey. We went along a narrow passage ornamented with busts, and looked into a room, the walls of which were covered with small arms in curious devices, among them Rob Roy's rifle. We passed into the dining-room, which is also of dark carved oak, and hung around with pictures; the most remarkable is the head of Mary Queen of Scots in a charger, painted the day after her decapitation at Fotheringay Castle. It looks, as you may suppose, very ghastly.

The parlor is very elegant. The floor is carpeted with Brussels. The window-curtains and chair-bottoms are crimson damask, the chairs of black ebony, a present from George the Fourth, the mirrors large and splendid. A small carpet-bag lay on the chair by the fire, belonging, no doubt, to Mrs. Hope, a granddaughter of Sir Walter. There was a Dutch cabinet on one side, covered with rich carved work.

The parlor opens into the library of oak, very richly carved. The fine library of twenty thousand volumes is arranged in bookcases, and protected from intruding fingers by a network of wire. A lamp from Pompeii is one of many interesting objects in this room. A bust of Shakspeare occupies the bow window, and one of Sir Walter himself stands on the other side. The curtains are of crimson woollen cloth, and the carpet is like that in the parlor. In the study

there is a beautiful ebony cabinet, exquisitely carved, once the property of George the Second, which was given to Sir Walter by George the Fourth. From the library we entered the small study where Sir Walter wrote. It is furnished with a plain cabinet and desk, a leather easy-chair, a small library, and is, on the whole, just the place for a study. A quill pen, with a drop of ink in it, lay just as he left it.

So, my dear sister, we were gratified and delighted by this visit to the house of him whose works have so often entertained us.

Poor Sir Walter, he sacrificed ease and comfort, and life itself, for an idea, — to build a great house and leave a family in the land.

This great and beautiful house, constructed of turrets and towers, arches, windows, and doorways, from scores of the most ancient ruins of the kingdom, all woven into the most unique mansion in the world, was far too costly for his means, and the great exertions which he made to carry out his idea, doubtless hastened his death. His children have all followed him to the tomb. The few grandchildren who are left bear a different name.

On leaving Abbotsford, we drove to Dryburgh Abbey, the resting-place of Sir Walter and Lady

Scott, and their son. An immense yew-tree, said to be seven hundred years old, stands near the Abbey. Dryburgh is a venerable ruin, overgrown with ivy. Its surroundings are more retired and romantic than Melrose. We sighed over the spot where the busy and beloved brain of Sir Walter is mouldering to dust. Quiet resting-place of one who dearly loved the stir of action, and the buzz of social life ! We plucked a blossom from the woodbine which was climbing around a pillar near his dust, and left his grave with the melancholy thoughts it was suited to inspire.

Re-entering England, we visited Mr. and Mrs. P., our brother and sister, at Blackburn, and then went to Manchester. The country from Blackburn to Manchester is richly cultivated, the surface is agreeably diversified with hill and dale, and the road is marked by a continual succession of factory towers and chimneys. The scenery all along the road is beautiful.

CHAPTER XVI.

York — Chatsworth — Sheffield — Warwick Castle — London — Paris.

AFTER Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell returned to England from Scotland, they made excursions to other places of interest, and before their return crossed the straits and visited Paris. We select a few extracts from her numerous notes, taken while thus on the wing.

Sept. 6. This has been a day of high gratification. We have spent it in visiting York. As we approached the city from Sheffield, the lofty minster towered high above the buildings which surround it. It is vast and majestic, too elaborate for description, repaying richly the pains we took to see it. The arches are Gothic, and more pointed than usual. In front of the choir, looking westward, are the kings of England, from William the Conqueror to Henry the Sixth, all clad in their robes of state and holding sceptres in their hands. The great east window, probably the largest in the world, is covered with pic-

tures which embody a great part of the history in both the Old and New Testaments. The sculptured monuments are very fine. The choir is very rich with tabernacle work of oak. The organ has six hundred and eighty pipes. White-robed boys and men were performing the cathedral music, which for that day was Haydn's Creation. We stopped awhile to hear it, and to join in the service.

The old city of York, with its narrow streets and clean ancient houses, reminded us of Chester. It contains 30,000 inhabitants. We had a fine view of it from Clifford's Tower, an old mound in the centre of the castle which overlooks the city. This tower was built in the days of William the Conqueror. It is surrounded by trees, is covered with ivy, and is full of birds. A large walnut tree was pointed out particularly to us. This tree is the memorial of George Fox, the distinguished Quaker, who planted it while he was imprisoned here for conscience and opinion's sake.

The gardens of the Philosophical Society contain, besides the gardens and the ruins of St. Mary's Abbey, a splendid museum of minerals, petrifications, and relics of the Romans. St. Mary's Abbey must have been splendid in its day. It was built in 1137, more than seven hundred years ago. The ruins cover a large extent of ground. The arches are

very beautiful, and some of the pillars are of huge size.

I had not known so many remains of the Romans were to be found in all Britain as I saw in the Roman museum here: tiles, coffins, altars, urns, vases, lamps, crockery, glass, jewels, &c. On a small stone coffin, the inscription, translated, reads; D. M. (To the gods of the shades.) To the memory of Simplicia Florentina, an innocent being who died at the age of ten months, the daughter of Victorinus the centurion.

One division of the gardens contains the flowers arranged in beds according to their natural orders.

Walking to Michelgate on the walls of the city about sunset, we had a fine view of the city and its environs, and of the silver Ouse. In one place this crystal stream reflects many of the splendid edifices, and adds thus to the beauty of the surrounding landscape.

Michelgate bar is memorable for bearing, in the wars of the Roses, the heads of the Dukes of York and Rutland. The gate has nothing but its antiquity and its associations to give it interest.

September 7th, we devoted to a visit to Chatsworth, the seat of the Duke of Devonshire, the most splendid palace in the kingdom. A great part of our

drive from Sheffield to Chatsworth lay through the moors, the preserves of the duke, where he and his friends once a year shoot grouse and hunt hares. The moors are divided into three parts, of which one only is hunted in a year. They are overgrown with heather, and have here and there a small house for the gamekeeper, which is located where he can have an extensive look-out. If rumor says true, the gamekeepers themselves are oftenest the depredators, smuggling many a pair of grouse into town, and quietly pocketing the seven shillings at which they sell. The grouse is not much larger than a partridge, and is thought to be improved in flavor by being kept a fortnight before cooking.

The estate of Chatsworth is thirty miles long and seven broad. Nothing can be imagined more lovely than the park. Hill and vale are delightfully interspersed. Queen Mary's bower, a small overgrown ruin, is the place where she lodged when she visited there while she was in the keeping of the Countess of Shrewsbury. Mr. Paxton's residence, an Italian villa, is an exquisite spot. The greenhouse is full of rare and choice flowers. Some fuschia trees with drooping clusters are the most beautiful specimens I ever beheld. From the vines in the gardens and grape-houses, they have grapes all the year. There was everything on these grounds to delight the eye and gratify the palate.

After gazing at the great house-gate of iron tracery work, we entered the hall, where we were astonished at the extent and magnificence which greeted our eyes. The sculpture gallery is filled with hundreds of the most exquisite specimens of the art. The paintings are choice selections from the best masters. I could hardly comprehend that such a collection was the property of a single man. In the great hall of Julius Cæsar, the floor is of marble; a grand table stands in the centre, and one striking piece of furniture is a cabinet of rare and beautiful workmanship. The ceilings in the velvet-room and rooms of state are elegantly painted. In the latter, we saw the chairs of state and their rich canopies. In the orangery, statues are scattered, and fountains are playing, here and there, among the rich foliage. The windows are all of large, thick, clear plate glass. The chambers are elegantly furnished, the drapery of the state bed is superb.

The palace covers a large extent of ground. It is full of elaborate carving wrought in the days of Sir Christopher Wren and Grenling Gibbons. As we went from gallery to gallery and from hall to hall, all filled with an endless variety of the grand and beautiful in art, it seemed more like an enchanted scene from the Arabian Nights than a reality. When we looked out upon the tastefully arranged grounds,

the rare and beautiful flowers, the glittering pools of silver water with majestic swans floating on their placid bosom, the playing fountains of curious devices, and the groups of marble statuary interspersed among tree and shrub, we found ourselves repeatedly saying, "Can this be real?"

In the rear of the palace there is a range of lovely hills, several hundred feet high, covered with woods. From the top of these hills, and exactly facing the centre of the house, a small river is conducted down, so as to leap with a joyous and glistening bound from one terrace to another, forming a series of waterfalls in full view of the windows of the house. On every terrace, the stream, as it dances down, falls into a pool waiting for it, until that is filled, when it leaps to the next. On reaching the lowest terrace, it is conducted to that part of the grounds where it can be made most useful. In the stream and on the terraces beside it, the eye, as it glances upward, beholds Neptune and a host of imaginary deities, along with monsters of the deep, disporting in the stream, receiving the water, spouting it from their mouths, and playing with it in every conceivable manner. When these are all in full play, and the scene is lit up by brilliant lamps, as it sometimes is on great occasions, it is difficult to conceive a cascade more lovely.

The grand conservatory, 300 feet by 145, and 65 feet high, with a carriage drive through the whole length, is composed of plate glass. The ribs of metal which interlace and sustain it are so light that they do not destroy the aerial effect of the whole structure. Within this temple of glass is the rarest and most beautiful collection of shrubs, plants, flowers, and trees, that my eyes ever beheld. Some of the trees, natives of the tropics, nearly reached the top of the arch.

In our rambles through the grounds, among many beautiful objects, we particularly admired some novel rock scenery. There was a tree of which every leaf, twig, branch, and limb was a fountain. At night, when lit up and at play, it must be charming. By turning a tap it was made to produce a beautiful shower. I would like to see it on a summer evening illuminated and at play.

The stables for the duke's horses are a palace in themselves, and cost a fabulous amount of money. They are of solid masonry, as handsome as they are substantial.

A large fountain, called the Emperor, plays only on great occasions. The visit of the queen to Chatsworth last year, on her way to Scotland, was such an occasion. She and her suite were the guests of the duke for about two weeks, and he, like a loyal sub-

ject, kept open doors for all the nobility and gentry of that part of the country, during her stay with him. All the fountains played, the grounds were splendidly lighted, and the queen was welcomed and entertained at an expense to the duke, it is said, of some £10,000 per day. On our saying to the woman who conducted us through the statuary gallery, that we understood Her Majesty was contemplating another visit, she replied, "I hope not; His Grace has not got over the last visit yet."

On our return to Sheffield from Chatsworth we stopped at Haddon Hall, the property of the Duke of Rutland and one of the oldest of the feudal strongholds in England. Though unfurnished and uninhabited, it is kept in good repair. We were interested in looking into its ancient kitchen, dining-room, parlors, bedrooms, and other apartments. In the ball-room, which is more than one hundred feet long, and not broader than a common parlor, one of the oriel windows is as large as a good-sized bedroom. Here it is said the Virgin Queen tripped on the light fantastic toe. The bed in which she slept, the chair in which she sat, and the cushion on which she knelt, remain yet in the same room which she occupied almost three hundred years ago. In the old tower we found several interesting relics of by-gone centuries.

Sept. 9. To-day, before leaving Sheffield, we visited the Rogers's magnificent collection of cutlery. The celebrated knife, which has now 1,848 blades, and is to have a new one added every year, is one of the curiosities. Twelve pairs of scissors, each pair perfect, and all not weighing above half a grain, are equally striking specimens of the perfection of art.

From Sheffield we went to Birmingham. As we were quietly writing in our parlor, two men in yellow pantaloons made their appearance in the square which our room overlooked. Mr. Maxwell recognized them at once as mountebanks, and called me to see their performances. I left my journal and spent half an hour in seeing them tumble and twist over each other, and exhibit their suppleness to a crowd of men and boys, who seemed as much interested as though they had never seen the like before.

After her visit to Chatsworth, Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell went to the lovely town of Leamington, where they passed the Sabbath. From thence they made excursions to Warwick Castle and Stratford on Avon.

Her journal runs:—

The helmet of Cromwell and a sword of Charles the Second, are among the relics in the great hall of Warwick castle. In the chapel there is a fine painting

by Vandyke, of Charles and his equerry. The Warwick Vase is in the greenhouse. It is of white marble, twenty-one feet in circumference. It was found among the ruins of Adrian's villa near Rome. The Avon flows sweetly along the vale. I was delighted to visit the birthplace of England's greatest bard, my own favorite Shakspeare. The house in which he was born is built of hard English oak. The window shows that it was once used as a butcher's shop. The chamber in which the poet first saw the light is small and low. The walls are completely covered with the names of visitors. We brought away a leaf from a geranium which was standing in the window, and a medallion of the immortal bard. We visited the room where he used to attend school. The desk, at which tradition says he sat, is of oak almost as hard as iron. Mr. Maxwell, by leave of the keeper of the room, brought away a chip from it, but at the risk of his knife, the desk was so hard.

In London, we took lodgings in Finsbury Square. We had letters from Rev. T. C., of Tuscaloosa, to his uncle in this city. We delivered them and received from Mr. C. the most considerate attentions. He laid out a programme of each day's work for us beforehand, and sent his nephew every morning to accompany us to the objects best worth seeing. We always ended the day by dining and passing the evening at

his house in Milton Street, where we learned emphatically what is meant by English hospitality.

Milton's house, from which the street on which Mr. C. lives takes its name, is still standing, but alas for fame! its occupants scarcely know that such a man as John Milton, the poet, ever lived. To Mr. Maxwell's inquiry the shopkeeper who occupies the house replied, quite tartly, "What trade is Milton? I do not know anything about him."

Sabbath, Sept. 17. To-day we have attended the service at the Temple Church, the finest specimen both in style and color of an ancient Gothic church to be found in the kingdom. It has been thoroughly repaired lately, at an expense of several hundred thousand dollars, but in such a manner as to preserve the true Gothic, both in architecture and coloring. It belongs to the societies of the Middle and Inner Temple.

In the rotunda, black marble effigies of Knights Templars are scattered about on the floor, fenced around with low iron railings. The dome of this rotunda is lofty, and the six clustered columns of mottled marble which support its high grained arches are grand. We were obliged to wait in this magnificent rotunda until the service commenced, and the regular worshippers, mostly the students at law who

reside in the chambers of the Temple buildings, were seated. Then we were conducted one by one to the unoccupied stalls in the church. Both the floor of the church, which is of encaustic tiles, and the ceiling, are richly painted in Gothic designs. The painted windows on the east and opposite the rotunda are magnificent. I enjoyed the chanting of the white-robed boys and men, which was intermingled with the litany. Ladies and gentlemen occupied separate seats. The Temple gardens, on the banks of the Thames, a verdant plat bordered with flowers, lie in the very heart of the great city.

It is too much to attempt to describe all that we saw in London. I can only add that we were occupied several days in visiting the Tower, Guildhall, the Bank of England, St. Paul's Cathedral, Westminster Abbey, the Parliament houses, the royal palaces, the Coliseum, all the parks, and many other places of interest.

When we were visiting Hampton Court and gardens, we met the ex-king of France, Louis Philippe, and were honored with a polite bow from His Christian Majesty.

At St. Paul's Mrs. Maxwell ascended three hundred feet to the golden gallery, and remained there while Mr. Maxwell ascended to the very top of the spire, a

feat few have attempted, and which he undertook at a great risk. A man had been placed there by the city authorities, to oversee a general system of sewerage which they were laying, and Mr. Maxwell climbed up the temporary staging above the dome, and took a stand beside him. Mrs. Maxwell was saved the agony of mind which his daring would have cost her had she known his danger, and records her gratitude and joy that his precious and valuable life was spared when in the most imminent peril.

Sept. 24. Crossing over, yesterday, from Folkestone to Boulogne, we find ourselves to-day in the gay capital of La Belle France. The country from Boulogne to Paris is not at all like England. The land is divided into small allotments, and each man's portion is separated from every other's only by stakes for landmarks. We missed the lovely hedges of hawthorn and rose with which we had become so familiar on the other side of the channel. The trees, too, are trimmed in such a way as to destroy the appearance of nature. Louis Napoleon was a fellow-passenger with us. He was on his way to Paris, to assume, if possible, his seat in the National Assembly, to which, while in England, he had been elected. In London, some doubt was expressed whether the provisional government would permit him to take his seat

in that body, but we see it announced this morning that he has arrived and taken his seat.

We first of all walked through the Boulevards to the Place Vendome. There stands the large Statue of Napoleon, on a high and graceful column, covered with bronze made from the guns he captured in battle, and ornamented with a winding wreath running to the summit, celebrating in raised characters the events of his reign.

We went next to the magnificent Palace of the Tuileries. Since the flight of Louis Philippe, this palace has been used as a hospital for the insurgents who were wounded in the revolution, but it is now not in use. The gardens around it are extensive and beautiful, adorned with exquisite statuary, fountains, orange groves, and the like. The passage whence Louis Philippe made his exit in February last, when he was informed that the people had forced their way into the Louvre, was pointed out to us. He fled thence in a cab to a small palace near Versailles. The Place de la Concorde, in front of the palace, is ornamented with statuary, representing the great cities of France. The Obelisk of Luxor, lately brought from Egypt, stands between two elegantly wrought fountains.

Sept. 25. Luxembourg Palace is splendid. It is

filled with pictures by living artists. The old Palace de Chiney, which we visited also to-day, contains an interesting collection of ancient relics. It is itself a relic of antiquity, some parts of it having been built seventeen hundred years. The Palais Royal is at present a resort for the people, and music saloons and restaurants are established in abundance on its beautiful grounds for the accommodation of the thousands who are always to be found lounging around its ornamented squares.

Sept. 26. We have visited to-day the Palace of the National Assembly, the Hotel des Invalides, the Church of the Madeleine, and the Gallery of the Louvre. As Lamartine was to speak in the National Assembly, the price for a ticket of admittance to the debates to-day, ran as high as five hundred francs.

At the Hotel des Invalides we saw the grand tomb of Napoleon, and went into the church in which the banners captured by France are preserved. The costly Church of the Madeleine is filled with splendid pictures, and seems more like an Athenæum than a house of worship. The picture over the high altar is emphatically a French design. It represents all the kings of France in heaven, the Almighty as a person among them; but Napoleon, with the imperial Bee on his robes, the most prominent figure in the

group. This church has too much glare and show for my taste.

One room in the Louvre, over a quarter of a mile in length, is filled from end to end with the works of the best artists of the world. Any artist can go there daily, and study and copy these great masters, free of cost. This is one of the institutions Napoleon founded for raising the taste of the French in the fine arts by giving them opportunity to admire and study the best specimens.

Sept. 27. To-day we came to Versailles and have looked through the magnificent Palace of St. Cloud. The galleries of sculpture and painting are in the aggregate six miles long. The sight is grand, incomparably beyond anything I have seen before. These galleries, along with the palace, the unrivalled gardens, the fountains of rare workmanship, and the historical reminiscences they have brought and made live before me, have marked the day as one I can never forget.

Sept. 28. A Sabbath across the straits, a *fête* day for the dear people here in Versailles. The fountains are all playing, the grounds of St. Cloud and the palace itself are open to the people. The palace is charming, the grounds are beautiful, the fountains

splendid, the statuary fine, and the shrubbery delightful, yet it seemed to me a desecration of the Lord's day to look upon fifty thousand people trifling away its sacred hours in the most puerile amusements. There were mountebanks, showmen, and jugglers, tents for refreshment, stalls where everything imaginable in the way of toys was sold, bands of musicians scattered thickly in the groves, thousands dancing to the music, and crowds of full grown, genteel-looking people making all the noise they could with penny rattles and other toys, evidently delighted with their own performances. All this seemed to me not only sacrilege, but the index of a nation sunk in frivolity. Old England has a great advantage over her lighter and more excitable neighbors, in the respect which her Sabbaths command, in the solidity of her institutions, and in the sober certainty of waking bliss which is cherished and cultivated in the family every where.

We saw one man doing a thriving business, permitting a picture of Louis Philippe to be shot at for one sou a shot. The gun was loaded with a short arrow which struck a spring in the heart of the dethroned monarch, whereupon the picture fell down into a sort of pit, and a picture of the devil chasing him below followed immediately. Poor Louis Philippe ! What a change one short year has wrought. Then a happy

king surrounded by courtiers, now an exile, the butt of jest, mockery, and satire among the people over whom he reigned eighteen years. No wonder his face wears the look of sorrow we remarked on it the other morning, when we met him at Hampton Court, with the dowager queen, Adelaide.

In the evening, six hundred musicians and nine hundred chorus singers, occupying a temporary gallery behind one of the vacant palaces, made the welkin ring, as they poured forth the National Anthem, the Marsellaise. It was good music, grandly performed, and the thousands sitting in the fine gardens around, enjoyed it; but, for myself, I would far rather, on such a day, be in the Minster of Old York, and hear the grand organ peal forth Haydn's Creation.

To-day, the 29th, we have visited the Jardin des Plantes, and the Church of Notre Dame, with which I am much pleased. The city is said now to contain 150,000 soldiers. They are stationed in every court and alley, and occupy miles of tents in one part of the city. It seems, indeed, as though all the men were playing soldiers, and most of the women were keeping store and doing the work generally. The society of Paris does not strike me favorably. There is almost, it would seem, a total absence of the sweet

home feeling which we have in dear New England, and which gives such a magic charm to Old England. Life here is too much out of doors, too much in the glare of the world, too frivolous. Sober family influence seems unknown, and the effect on the taste and morals of the masses must be deteriorating.

To-morrow we expect to return to England, and after a few days to embark at Liverpool for New York.

Subsequently without date she adds:—

I left England, delighted with its richly cultivated fields, its quiet moral districts, its lovely lake and mountain scenery, and its grand old remains of historic interest. My heart swelled in grateful remembrance of its generous and bountiful hospitality which had been extended to us so kindly and so freely. As I set foot on the "Sarah Sands," and turned my eyes to my dear native land, my heart leaped forth in longings unutterable to press again to my bosom the jewels of my life, my darling boys.

CHAPTER XVII.

Letter to her Children — Loss of Friends — Reunions.

ON their return from England, Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell gave their Massachusetts friends another opportunity to renew with them the friendships of former days. Her heart's affection drew her southward, however, and after a short visit to Ipswich, she returned to her children and her lovely home. Her life continued to be too happy to furnish much incident.

TO HER SISTER.

TUSKALOOSA, Dec. 8, 1848.

We had a good journey home and a very rapid one. Except for about four hours at Atlanta, Ga., we travelled day and night from New York to Tuskaloosa. You may be sure the nights on the railroad and in the stage were wearisome enough. We were overturned in the stage the last day. It was about nine

in the evening when we reached our own door. It was a joyful moment when I clasped one boy in my arms and kissed the other. J. has been going to school and begins to read very well for a boy of four years. May they be good children and be transplanted at last to the paradise of God. This is my earnest wish and prayer. Pray for me, dear sister, that I may have wisdom from above to bring them up in the fear of the Lord.

I wish you and A. a happy Christmas and New Year. May the presence of God be yours to comfort, enlighten, and strengthen you; may Jesus be with you to show you that you are accepted in his blood; may the Holy Spirit be with you to make you holy, more and more. I hope A. too will seek Jesus for his friend, who loved little children, and said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God." He must let me know how he likes the "Memoir of Charles Winslow."

In 1849, under the apprehension that God's time for taking her to himself might be near at hand, she wrote the following letters to her husband and children. They were found in her secretary soon after her death, having never been seen by other eyes than her own until after that event.

Letter to be preserved for my children till they are old enough to understand it.

TUSKALOOSA, Sept. 2, 1849.

To my dear children, James Robert and John Thomas Maxwell.

MY DEAR CHILDREN: It may be the will of God to take me away from you soon. In that case may my dear children make it their main concern, as soon as they are able to understand sufficiently to do so, to obtain the favor of their heavenly Father, and secure an entrance into that blessed world where their mother hopes (through the merits of the blessed Saviour) to be received, and where they have a dear sister, already, who died in early infancy.

My beloved ones, always pray, both morning and evening, that God for Jesus Christ's sake would grant you a new heart, that you may love him and do his holy will.

I hope you will love to read the holy Bible, and seek to understand it. This blessed book is our guide to everlasting life, and may you always strive to abide by its precepts. May you be among the pure in heart who shall see the face of God in his kingdom. Then shall your mother welcome you to the lovely land of endless peace and blessedness, when your bodies of clay are dissolved, if she shall be so happy as to ar-

rive there herself. Remember that, if the spirits of the departed are permitted to look on the things of earth, *she will ever be looking and watching over her dear children*. If her prayers can avail for you, they will constantly be offered at the throne of heavenly mercy. Disappoint not the earnest longings of her soul. Strive yourselves till you meet her where there is no parting, no sickness, nor death.

Your most affectionate mother,

S. C. MAXWELL.

SEPT. 2, 1849.

MY DEAR HUSBAND: Another of the days of trial approaches, and I decide to permit what I have written on former occasions to stand, as it expresses in the main my sentiments, hopes, and wishes. God has been very merciful to me in times past, but no one knows at such a time whether it may not be the last summons. If it be the will of God that I live, to do something to promote his glory and the good of my fellow-creatures, doubtless he will spare me.

I know that I have hitherto been an unprofitable servant, and my life in review seems exceedingly useless. If my heavenly Father sees fit to remove me at this time, I hope he will prepare me for the change, and may I have you, my dear husband, and the beloved children whom God has given us, in the land seen by faith,

“ With peace and plenty blest,
A land of perfect liberty
And endless rest.”

In that land to which I sometimes now look with longing eyes, may we meet, dear husband! Be not satisfied without an assured preparation for that world. Of what use would all the acquisitions of this world be, if you should come short of salvation at last. *Bring up our children in the fear of God.*

I still feel that it would be an excellent thing if they could receive a part of their education in New England, and my sentiments in regard to my dear Mrs. Banister having charge of them remain the same, could she be induced to take such a care. I have never known one fitted like her to train and influence young people to the love and practice of goodness, and this I say without any want of esteem and affection for my own relations, who I doubt not will be ready to do whatever lies in their power for their benefit. These things, my dear husband, I submit, of course, to your discretion and decision.

Your most affectionate wife,

S. C. MAXWELL.

TO HER SISTER.

TUSKALOOSA, Jan. 21, 1850.

One more son, my dear Lucy, since I last wrote to you, has been added to our household treasures; a

sweet, sensible, bright-eyed little fellow as you could desire to see. Oh Lucy, if you could come in to see me, and hug this little new-comer, and kiss Jimmy and Johnny! This baby, this Thomas Harris, is a very sweet child.

Father and mother have gone to housekeeping, taking brothers John and Robert with them. So our house now contains only our own family. This removal has given us their room next our own, for a sitting-room, and we find great comfort in it. Mr. M. brought me some beautiful shells from New York, which, with those I had before, and the minerals and curiosities gathered from time to time, particularly in our visit to Europe, make a nice cabinet. I have lately arranged them in a very pretty piece of furniture purchased for the purpose. This and a bookcase make the room look pleasant and study-like. Some very pretty pictures hang round the walls. My dear sister, and other dear friends at Ipswich, how I would like to receive you in my own house. I feel sad at the thought of the distance which separates us.

I have many things this new year to be thankful for. Our present quiet, an excellent servant in the kitchen instead of one who did not suit me, and the good old nurse for the baby; for these things I desire to be grateful to the Giver of every comfort,

and to seek more earnestly to know and do his will. I hope this will be a happy new year to you, my sister, that you may be comfortable as to earthly things, and, above all, happy in the peace which passeth understanding. For myself, I wish more than ever to try the coming year, in the first place to be a good mother, wise, faithful, patient, and prayerful; second, to be a good wife, seeking to gratify the tastes and wishes of my husband in preference to my own; third, to be a good housekeeper, and a kind mistress. I feel like beginning housekeeping anew, almost, and I would strive to feel more deeply my responsibility for the souls of all whom God in his providence commits to me.

I am reading Lamb's "Life and Letters," which I like much. What have you been reading?

In 1852 Mrs. Wardwell, an older sister of Mrs. Maxwell, one with whom she had in early life gone to the inquiry meeting and to the communion table, passed away, leaving children of a tender age to mourn her loss. This was the occasion of the following letter to the eldest daughter, Tace.

TUSKALOOSA, May 1, 1852.

Last evening I received the letter informing me of your dear mother's death. Alas, I can hardly yet

realize that I shall never see her pleasant smile, welcoming me back to New England, if it shall be my lot again to visit the land of my birth! Dear sister, did she speak of me in her last moments? My heart is melted at the thought. We shall meet, I hope, in a better world, and rejoice together with our dear mother and the sister so much beloved, for whom you, my dear niece, were named, but whom you never knew, and with many others who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. There sickness, sorrow, and death shall not enter, nor dear friends be parted more. There darkness and sin shall forever flee away, for God is the light of the place, and into that blessed city nothing can enter which defileth or maketh a lie. There I hope all your dear mother's children will join her, and all my dear little ones be brought to rejoice with us. Every removal of a dear Christian friend diminishes the ties to earth and adds to the attractions of heaven. Oh that I could go to you, dear Tace, at this time of sorrow, and weep with you! I can only send you my sympathies from this distance, but be assured I do feel very deeply your bereavement and my own. Tell me all about your sweet sister and your brothers J. and H. How great a loss to you all! How will your father learn to live without her?

TO HER SISTER.

Nov. 26, 1852. Yesterday was Thanksgiving day with us. It is only a few years, perhaps half a dozen, that it has been kept at all in this State, and one of the governors announced it as a day of thanksgiving, humiliation, and prayer. Yesterday was very stormy, and I did not go to church, but I invited three of the teachers of the Institute, Miss M., Miss H., and Miss B., all from New England, and all formerly pupils of Miss Lyon's school, to dine with us, and also Miss I., a Scotch lady, the teacher of James and John. Thinking the Northern ladies would like something like a New England dinner on the occasion, I provided turkey, plum-pudding, and mince-pie, and I wish you, dear Lucy, and a party of our relatives, could have been with us. The ladies were rather disappointed at church, because the sermon, they said, would have suited any Sabbath of the year as well as a Thanksgiving.

My dear children are all well. The two elder go to school. John is much engaged just now in committing to memory verses of Scripture and hymns. Tommy is a great talker, and little Mary is following him with rapid step.

What a loss to the nation is Daniel Webster! He certainly has been one of the pillars of the country.

How striking that our three greatest men should die within so short a time of each other! No doubt Providence will raise up others, should emergencies arise to demand them.

Queechy, which sister C. sent me, I like very much. Its tone is refined and elevated.

TUSKALOOSA, Dec. 21, 1853.

MY DEAR SISTER LUCY: It was a treat to me to receive a letter from you. When I hear of your going about to spend Thanksgiving with each other, I wish anew, though vainly, that I lived within some reasonable distance, and could receive you all at my house on such days. On Christmas the different members of the Maxwell family will take dinner with us, and on New Year's we all go to mother Maxwell's.

The children expect a Christmas Tree, a few presents, and stockings full of raisins, nuts, and candies.

I was out all this morning making collections for the "Benevolent Society," and should have gone again this afternoon had it not been raining.

I want you to write me soon, *very soon*, and tell me about yourself and A. I would willingly make him a Christmas present, and as the nearest approach to it, I inclose a gold dollar for him. My dear sister, I

often regret that I can do no more for friends who might be benefited were I situated nearer to them. Money is all that can be transported to such a distance, and my husband has had *so much* to do for *his* own relations, that I have never felt like putting in any claim for mine for whom I would be thankful to do anything.

Writing again to the sister who still remained at the old family mansion, under date of February 5, 1856, she says:—

It is a long time since I wrote, but you must not think that you are not often in my mind. I find it very difficult to write letters, for I seldom see a time when I am not so pressed with work for children and others as to absorb all my time and attention.

The past summer has been marked in my calendar, by the loss of three friends to whom I felt as strongly attached as to almost any ladies in Alabama. One was Mrs. Glover, in whose family I taught the last five months before I was married; another was Mrs. Upton, formerly Priscilla Maxwell, who was married at our house in July, 1844; and the third, Mrs. Bagshaw, an English lady by birth, a teacher, and a most excellent woman. So life passes, and soon it will be our turn to go.

The following letter explains itself:—

TUSKALOOSA, June 30, 1856.

MY DEAR MRS. BANISTER: I cannot express to you my delight, when Mr. Maxwell said to me, "I have some news for you; there is a probability that your friend Mrs. Banister will come to Tuskaloosa this winter." Mrs. S. had spoken to him of her letter from you. The next morning Mrs. S. gave the letter to me which you had inclosed in hers. Mrs. S. will undoubtedly consider it a providential favor to have you with her while she is forming plans for her new school. But, my dear friend, I shall not feel satisfied without just as much time as you can spare to be with me. Mr. Maxwell desires me to assure you, that there is no one from whom it would give him more pleasure to receive a visit. Come to us, and bring whomever you please with you, and make our house your home for as long a time as you can. It will be a blessing to me to renew once more, in this land of our pilgrimage, the intercourse, so sweet to me, which I once enjoyed with you. A year ago I had a visit from a friend of my early girlhood, a lovely woman now, Miss E. P. Richardson, of Salem, Mass. Her visit seemed to link the present with the long past, and vividly bring back my childhood and youth. Yours, I feel, would bring back associations

most sacred and sweet, and I hope, do good to my spirit.

During the last year, several friends whom I had gained since I came to this country, have passed to the silent land,—to heaven, for they were sincere Christians. I feel that life is short, and, as friends become fewer, those who are left are more precious. And you, my dear friend, your place in my heart has never been vacant, though personal intercourse has been so long interrupted. I hope God will in his providence bring you to this place, and that I shall see you face to face for a long time. I wish my dear children to know you, and you to know them. I know it will do them good. You will be most welcome. I should be glad to have you come directly to our house, and consider that as your abiding place.

Mrs. Maxwell's joy and pleasure in the reunion with Mrs. Banister was as great as she anticipated. The winter of 1856-7 was with her a season of social happiness and of rapid growth in religious knowledge and divine grace. She seemed, as she said in a letter to the compiler of this memorial, to be transported back to her best days. Her conscience found strength and delight in the sustaining conscience of another, for arm leans not more truly on arm, or heart

more tenderly on heart, than may conscience on conscience, and in this, as in everything else, "two are better than one." Together they read the Bible, and together lifted their souls upward to God. Those dear children, three sons and a daughter, gave their young hearts to the mother's friend. She saw with a clear eye their peculiarities and their besetting temptations, and could counsel the teachable mother as to the best means for improving whatsoever in them was lovely, and eradicating whatever was wrong. They comforted and built up one another, and as her intimate friends plainly saw, Mrs. Maxwell ripened apace for the kingdom of God.

Mrs. Maxwell was always careful to find a time and place for daily secret prayer. She sought God in her closet, and spread out before him there her burdens and desires. She occasionally sealed her instructions to her beloved children with a fervent prayer, but previous to the visit of her old friend and teacher, which has been mentioned, she had not been in the habit of gathering her beloved children daily for family prayer. Mrs. Banister, with the love of a mother, encouraged her to commence this important duty. In the spring of 1857, while Mr. M. was away on a long journey, sustained and cheered by her elder and stronger friend, she began to gather her children around the family altar. After Mrs. B.

left, Mrs. Maxwell received strength from the Lord to go on in this duty. In her letters to Mrs. B. she speaks with childlike simplicity of her attempts in this direction.

Writing June 11 she says:—

I received with much pleasure and with gratitude the package you sent us from Mobile. We shall find “Jacobus’ Notes” a great help in the Sabbath-school lessons, and profitable for daily reading.

I have continued to keep up the morning devotions, and the children seem as much interested as could be expected. For reading, I have taken a portion of the “Harmony of the Gospels” in its order, and I have never before entered so intimately into the circumstances of our Lord’s life. Oh that the children could hear your voice again addressing them in the morning! In prayer I have been helped, thanks to our gracious God! How infinite is his goodness to one of the most unworthy of his creatures! Our little weekly meetings have had several unavoidable interruptions, but the last but one was interesting. Yesterday Mrs. Searcy came, though it threatened rain, and though no one else was here, we were not left without a blessing. We spoke of you and of the low condition of our church. I doubt not you bear us on your heart at the throne of grace.

In a letter to Mrs. B., only a few weeks before Mrs. M.'s final departure, she says :—

My heart has gone out to you many times, and now it is so delightful to have your letter of the 16th to answer. The overflow in the spring, the cold season, and some other causes have weighed much on Mr. M.'s mind, and have been both oppressing to the heart and depressing to the spirits. He is recovering his spirits in some measure. Oh, that he might so realize the uncertainty of all earthly plans as to look for an enduring inheritance.

Our dear children are now well. I am deeply grateful for the interest you take in them. The other morning Tommy was repeating to himself the line,

“Where we shall meet to part no more,”

and I said, “Whom would you be glad to meet to part with no more?” He answered, “You, mamma, and Mrs. Banister,” and Mary added, “God.” These two love peculiarly to have good things read to them. All of them need the teachings of the Holy Spirit. Pray for them. I feel thankful for your visit to us, on their account. I hope they will always be the better for having known you.

I have kept up the morning exercises, with few

exceptions. The children are generally interested. The Gospels, with Jacobus, have been a rich feast to me, as I have read them in preparation and at the time of morning exercises. Never has the life of our Saviour seemed so sweet a reality, and in prayer I may gratefully say, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped me." We keep up our little meeting, and always think of you. Mr. White gave us lately an excellent discourse from John xii. 24, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, except a corn of wheat fall," &c., showing that nothing great was accomplished in the world, either in worldly things or in heavenly, without care and labor.

Mr. M. and myself spent last evening with Mrs. Tuomey. She showed us a beautiful set of plaster casts from Italy, classical models of buildings of Greece and Rome, heads of poets and painters, and mythological subjects. It was a treat of the beautiful. My eyes have been weaker than usual this fall, so that I read little and am obliged to resort to knitting in the evening.

Mrs. Maxwell never lost her love of science and literature. Ever after her marriage she found her happiness at home. Mr. Maxwell was immersed in business. He left the affairs of the household entirely to her management. The heart of her husband

safely trusted in her. He was known in the gates as a man who had a wife fit for a court. No solace to Mrs. Maxwell was like that of the presence and society of her husband, but as he was absorbed in his business she was much away from him, and she found, in nature and books, her pastime and recreation. She attended courses of lectures at the University, on botany, chemistry, and other natural sciences. Only two months before her death she wrote to Mrs. B.:—

I have been copying the notes on conchology which I took from Prof. Tuomey's lectures, and labelling our shells according to his classification. They occupy all our cabinet, except the upper shelf which is devoted to minerals. I should like to have you see them. I was often reminded tenderly of Prof. Tuomey, either by a specimen which he had given us, or by some one which I did not know how to class, and which I could not now refer to him. What a loss he is to this place as well as to his family!

You know I have not been very cordial heretofore in accepting the natural system of classification in botany. In reading lately Hugh Miller's "Testimony of the Rocks" I have learned that the classifications in zoology and botany, which have been slowly wrought out by devoted naturalists, are verified by

modern discoveries in geology, so that the arrangement of animals and plants now adopted, corresponds with the order of their appearance in successive ages of the world. Have I made the idea intelligible? I feel that I can study botany now by the natural system, with new zest and increased pleasure.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Her Death—Covenant Engagements—Estimates of her Character.

MRS. MAXWELL was ever cheerfully ready to meet the demands on her time for hospitality and kindred virtues. She never once gave a large party, excusing herself from it by saying that she had no talent for making one, though in truth her taste lay more in quiet and unobtrusive social festivities. She was faithful and cordial in calling on her numerous friends. To her husband's numerous relatives, and to all who had any claim on their hospitalities, the door was always open. On the return of Christmas, 1857, Mr. Maxwell seriously objected to her receiving the family as usual to their house, fearing that the preparations for the occasion might be too much for her health. She turned a deaf ear to his remonstrances, insisting that she could stand in her lot. They all met, therefore, around their family board, as had been their custom in years before. Everything was done to add to the gratification of the assembled

guests. At her own request the family remained together until late in the evening, and all, old and young, seemed to enjoy the occasion. Mrs. Maxwell's face was radiant with pleasure. She seemed to illuminate the house with her presence. Her crown was almost reached, and to the eyes of him who loved her most, it seemed on that night almost to descend and rest upon her head.

A few days later she invited a few select friends to pass an evening with her, and they too noticed the unwonted pleasure and exhilaration with which she met them and exerted herself for their entertainment. The mind triumphed over the body, and though she had said that she found that her constitution was giving way, and she believed she should be obliged to treat herself as an invalid, she yet appeared on that occasion perfectly well.

Two or three days later, at the sisters' prayer meeting which was held at her own house, she read the 103d Psalm, and commented with her usual richness on the verses, "But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him, and his righteousness unto children's children; to such as keep his covenant, and to those that remember his commandments to do them."

On Saturday, January 2, she paid the last tokens of respect to Mrs. Dr. Marrast, and took cold from

standing too long in the graveyard. She returned home to suffer from headache, which had been from early life a painful infirmity. Though it was complicated at this time with chills and fever, yet as she had been similarly attacked before, and had always recovered soon, neither herself nor her friends anticipated any serious result.

On Tuesday, the 5th of January, she appeared better, though still suffering from great distress in her head. During the succeeding night, after quenching her feverish thirst with a draught of congress water, she remarked, "How delightful it must be to drink it fresh from the fountain." Her husband observed that he intended to give her the opportunity to drink from the spring itself, if they lived to see another summer.

In the morning she was asleep when Mr. Maxwell left her. He went to his business, and the children to school, no one of the family entertaining any fears for the final result, and trusting that on their return at noon they should find her better.

These hopes and expectations were delusive and vain. The light which had illuminated the house for fifteen years was departing, to shed its radiance in mansions above. Messengers in glistening robes, visible only to the unclouded eye of faith, perhaps even then filled the room.

About nine o'clock a trusty servant, who watched just outside her door, offered her water. She drank freely, and exclaimed, "*blessed water.*" These were her last words. A few moments later a strange sound called the servant to her side, but the death agony was nearly ended. Before Mr. Maxwell and the children could be gathered around her bed, breath and pulse were gone. The spirit as it left irradiated the features with the first beams of its approaching glory.

Who can doubt that in the moment of transit from this state to that where God is more nearly and sensibly present, he remembered that prayer of her youth which had been recorded more than one third of a century.

"And do thou, Lord, when thou seest the agonies of dissolving nature upon me, remember this covenant too, even though I should then be incapable of recollecting it. Look down, O my heavenly Father, with a pitying eye upon thy languishing, thy dying child; place thine everlasting arms underneath me for my support; put strength and confidence into my departing spirit, and receive it to the embraces of thine everlasting love. Welcome it to the abodes of them that sleep in Jesus, to wait with them that glorious day, when the last of thy promises to thy cov-

enant people shall be fulfilled in their triumphant resurrection, and in that abundant entrance which shall be administered to them in that everlasting kingdom, of which thou hast assured them by THY COVENANT, and in the hope of which I now lay hold of it, desiring to live and to die as with mine hand on that hope."

The casket from which the jewel had so suddenly fled, was the next day laid away in its final resting-place in her adopted city. The inhabitants generally were in attendance at the Presbyterian Church on that sad occasion. Over her precious dust Mr. Maxwell erected a tablet of white marble on a granite base. On one side, under her name and age, were inscribed these lines, beautifully appropriate and consoling. They were written by one of her school friends and left on her table in 1831, after the death of her beloved sister Tace, and had been preserved by her as a tender and thoughtful token of love. They applied to Mrs. Maxwell, as if they had been written for her own elegy:—

Now she knows no sorrow, she knows no fear;
Her trials, her sorrows were finished here.
She has kept the faith, she has fought the fight,
Henceforth she is clothed with a robe of light.

Beneath these lines is the single and expressive Scripture quotation,

He giveth his beloved sleep.

On the reverse side of the tablet, under an open Bible, eight lines are engraved from the inscription on the fly leaf of the Bible which she presented to her husband in 1843.

Would you be wise? Its kind instructions hear,
And read and meditate with heart sincere.
Would you be holy? From its precepts draw
The living lessons of a perfect law.
Would you be lovely? From the Saviour seek
All that is generous, noble, mild, and meek.
Would you be happy? To the promise fly,
And on its truths immutably rely.

It will be remembered that on June 22, 1824, when fifteen years, four months, and six days old, Mrs. M. had entered into a solemn covenant with God. In this document, written, signed, and sealed with her own hand, she had incorporated the following petition:—

“And when I am thus numbered with the dead, and all the interests of mortality are over with me forever, if this solemn memorial should chance to fall

into the hands of my surviving friends, may it be the means of making serious impressions on their minds. May they read it, not only as my language, but as their own, and learn to fear the Lord my God, and with me to put their trust under the shadow of his wing, for time and for eternity."

Many of the relatives who surrounded her at the time she signed this solemn document, had been removed from earth. She and her sister Amy had been the first of that large family to assume the vows of God. One brother and sister after another, perhaps in answer to her constant and fervent prayers, had been led to acknowledge Christ before men. After her death this covenant of her youth was found, not by her early home friends among whom it had been written, but by the beloved husband, in whose behalf for years her prayers had daily ascended to God. Her death, this solemn bond which he found soon after, the children of their mutual love left to his sole instruction, called him with a louder voice than had ever before sounded in his ear, to choose God for his portion, Christ for his Saviour, and the Holy Ghost for his Comforter.

The estimate of Mrs. Maxwell's talents and goodness, formed in Tuskaloosa, by those who knew her intimately, is happily embodied in the following com-

munication of her friend and pastor, the Rev. Robert B. White.

There have lived, in this world, persons, especially of the female sex, in private stations and with no extended fame, who have possessed moral and intellectual qualities, which, in public stations, would have greatly distinguished them, which deserve to be recited and recorded for general admiration and imitation. Mrs. Maxwell was such a person. In her sphere of action, as a wife, a mother, and a friend, she attained real greatness, and is, and deserves to be, remembered as a bright example.

She was a woman of rare moral dignity,—a dignity without hauteur and without severity. Her nature was elevated above those frivolities which interest so many of her sex. Finding her happiness in serious pursuits, in her religion, in her family, in literature, and in the society of her chosen friends, she was indifferent to the petty distinctions after which many fondly aspire. Her temper was, to an unusual degree, placid and equable. Freedom from all envy, was conspicuous in her character. A more uniform cheerfulness than hers has been rarely witnessed. She greeted every acquaintance with a smile radiant with benevolence. Happy herself, it seemed to be the first wish of her heart to promote the happiness of others. No human being was more exempt from the sin of speaking evil of others: and if compelled to admit the faults of any, the admission was made without acrimony, and even in a tone of apology. Designing no evil to others, she suspected none as intended toward herself. As a wife, she was full of affection and studious of the comfort of her husband: as a mother, she was devoted and vigilant. In the circle of her especial friends, she was greatly beloved. Her immediate neighbors mourn her loss, as though a near relative had died. Even

those who knew her slightly, admired and loved her. A whole community laments her death.

Mrs. Maxwell's intellectual endowments and attainments were of a high grade, and were deeply appreciated in the community in which she lived. Educated thoroughly in her youth, she had enriched her mature mind by constant and judicious reading, manifesting an avidity for knowledge to the close of life. Her intellect was especially remarkable for the width of its range and the impartiality of its decisions, — decisions so just as to produce the impression of moral acts. There is scarcely a question of a literary or theological nature, about which she did not display an intelligent interest. Yet her gentleness and modesty seemed to conceal something of the vigor of her intellect.

The death of this lady was too sudden to allow her to express her religious hopes and feelings in her dying hours. Her life, however, speaks consolation to us, for moral excellence like hers is found only in association with sincere and exalted piety. It is believed that God granted her a special preparation for her departure to himself. Her intercourse with a dear friend who, during the last winter, was her guest, seems not only to have imparted to her comfort, but to have contributed much towards the promotion of her sanctification. It has been observed that her reading recently has been more religious than it had been in previous years. The last time I saw her, (and that was a few days before her death,) she expressed a deep solicitude for the salvation of her husband. A pious friend lately saw her overwhelmed with feeling as she conversed about the spiritual interests of one very dear to her. In letters written by her some years ago, and which she had directed to be opened at her death, she has described her anxiety for the salvation of her husband and her children, her confidence in the merits and grace of her Saviour, and her habitual longings for the land of bliss.

F. A. P. Barnard, LL.D., President of the University of Mississippi, who was very intimately acquainted with Mrs. Maxwell, writes : —

Her whole nature in its inmost recesses was pierced and penetrated by that goodness and excellence, that humble piety toward God, and sincere benevolence toward men, that earnest and active spirit of philanthropy which could embrace a world, and that deep, self-sacrificing devotion which could lead her to give up her own life for those who were near to her, of which we could see only the surface, and could conjecture only the depth.

One almost entire year I spent under her roof, and during that time I had an opportunity of seeing Mrs. Maxwell in all the circumstances of daily domestic trial, and under all those petty annoyances to which the domestic life of woman is ever exposed, and I may truly say, that my admiration and regard for her increased every day. I did not know how vastly superior was the place she held in my estimation to that which any other woman occupied or had ever occupied, until the intelligence of her death revealed it to me. I never knew her equal. I do not believe I ever shall know one possessing the same extraordinary and almost angelic union of the highest moral and intellectual beauty.

In a brief review of the life of Mrs. Maxwell, a few points claim the attention of ladies who are charged with the care of rearing the women of the next generation.

In her early youth, until she was fifteen years of age, when she attended school she learned to read, to spell, and to write. The lessons given her occupied but little of her time. She learned them out of school, probably in less than an hour. Still less time was occupied in recitations. The large remainder of her six school hours was devoted to sewing. The lady whose school she attended, like the women of that age, read, spelled, and wrote well, but her village fame rested on her skill in needlework. In that small school-room, before she was twelve years old, Susan C. Farley made many fine shirts, wrought full ruffs like those of Queen Elizabeth's day, and executed various other womanly tasks. This early training laid the foundation for her lifelong skill in the use of the needle and scissors, and for the elegance and the ease with which she used her hands in feminine employments and occupations. Many of her friends have specimens of her fingerwork, fit to be framed and preserved, to show to the next generation, what the last could do in the use of needle and thread. During the last few years

of her life, she cut, each year, several hundred garments, and superintended their making.

Another point which calls for attention in Mrs. Maxwell's early history, is, that she was kept at school only a part of the time, never above half of the year, until she was nineteen years of age. In summer when the days are long, and the great candle of the universe lights the earth for more than half the twenty-four hours, she went to school; in winter, she stayed at home, helping her mother, acquiring by seasonable practice the arts of house-keeping, and learning from books only what she was self-impelled to learn. Her body had time to grow. She never knew what it was to be crowded with a large variety of studies. She was never distracted with half a dozen learned and abstract authors at the same time. When she wanted to read, if she could get a new book and a lone corner, she read; and if she could not get these privileges, she read the old book in the midst of the family conversation and business. When she wrote, she did not do it from constraint, but because she wanted to write. Many of her fugitive pieces are carefully preserved by her bosom friend, who begged them of her when she made the South her home. They evince a mind active, free, and natural. Her thirst for knowledge

was doubtless greater than, if instead of this moderate sipping, the goblet had been held constantly to her lips. All that she acquired was completely assimilated.

She learned early that duty rather than pleasure was her business on earth. "Not what I like to do, but what I ought to do," was her rule of conduct. Appetite and passion, wild imagination and craving ambition, were habitually restrained. The powers within which are destined for indefinite expansion and an immortal career in glory, honor, and immortality, she cultivated carefully and strenuously, from childhood to the day on which she lay down to rise no more. Her friends were selected with reference to this great end. Her correspondence abundantly shows that the objects of faith were clearer to her vision than objects of sight. Among all her numerous letters, no one contains a line which dying she would wish to blot, and scarce any fail to convey the impression that God was in all her thoughts.

Mrs. Maxwell learned while very young to value the substantial rather than the showy; to class persons according to their talents, character, and worth; and to hold parade, ostentation, and purse-pride as low and despicable. The longer she lived the stronger she grew in these early judgments. She never worshipped the world, adopted its maxims, or

trod its beaten paths. A kind of pastoral beauty pervaded her intellectual aspirations, her moral nature, her opinions and purposes, and gave to her mature life no less than to her youth, a charming simplicity. When she was young she prayed, "Give me neither poverty nor riches." When, surrounded by comforts and luxuries, God added to these the gift of a son, her language before her Father in heaven was, "I would ask nothing higher for him than that he should be a humble minister of the gospel."

For many years God was the sun and spring of all her light and joy. Yet the holiest heart, none the less for loving God, has still a place left for human affection, a yearning for human sympathy. In process of time God gave her a husband who could appreciate her simplicity, refinement, intelligence, and conversational powers. She valued him the more, that he naturally and without effort excelled in just the traits of character which she had ever been striving to ingraft upon her unworldly nature. It had been her special delight to live in the beautiful world her own imagination could call up and invest with every poetic charm. She had a few treasured and congenial friends with whom she delighted to exchange thoughts, and her just sentiments and nice observations were a delight to their souls. But with commonplace people, miscellaneous acquaintances,

it required care and pains on her part to remember to talk, and to give to each her portion of attention in due season. Next to communion with a few elevated, sympathetic souls, her choice ever was to be with herself. It had been the struggle of her life to conquer this propensity. Her husband was the reverse of all this. He was all fire and activity, alive to the present and awake to the outward; she all mildness and tranquillity. Their dissimilarity, no less than their resemblances, fitted them for happy companionship. In his ardent love, her wearied spirit found the repose it needed, and of gloom and lassitude she never more had any experience.

God crowned their mutual love with children, the first, best gift of wedlock. They were but an expansion of herself, a multiplication of every susceptibility, the centre of angelic hopes and expectations. After years of self-dependence, which were to her more than to many other ladies, years of trial, God saw fit to surround her with every earthly good. She scarcely knew a want unsupplied, a wish ungratified. If the world, in the shape of husband, children, and luxuries, occupied more space in her affections than when she was alone and self-dependent, she yet ever recognized and recorded the goodness of God. In the glass of cold water, and the appliances for wants begotten of taste, she saw his hand. The devoted

affection of her husband, and the intelligence of their children were doubly dear as gifts from God, and tokens of his tender love and care.

In honesty and singleness of heart, equally removed from moroseness and from frivolity, she was busy from morning to evening with the common duties and the innocent delights of family life. Her house was a home indeed. Her superior elegance and exalted piety imparted to it an indescribable gracefulness; such lustre as nothing but the illuminating presence of an educated, dignified Christian lady can confer. Every guest, whether casual or invited, was welcomed to their circle with urbanity and Christian grace. Loving and beloved, she communed with the partner of her heart, and prattled with her precious children. Blessing God for the abundance of their basket and their store; surrendering her mind to the natural influences of what is beautiful in nature and art; and responding continually to the holier impulses of her soul, the life she lived in the presence of her husband and children and guests, seems to them now to have been a continual song of thanksgiving.



